

The Sketch

No. 712.—Vol. LV.

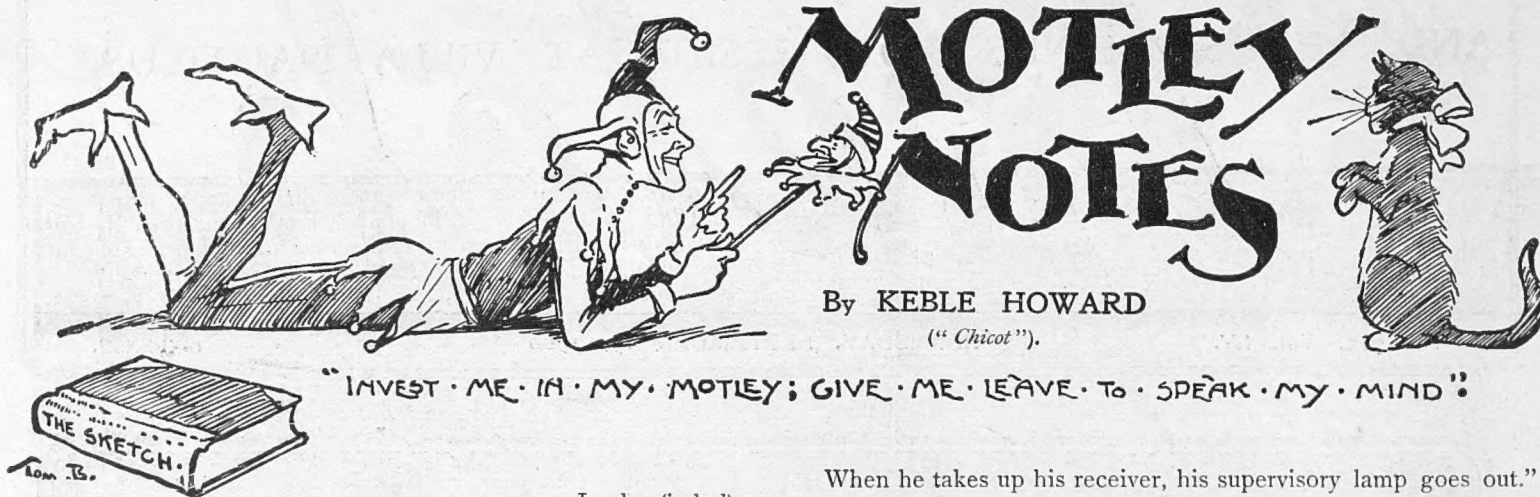
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE FUTURE TSAR OF RUSSIA "IMPRISONED" IN HIS FATHER'S PALACE: THE TSAR'S ONLY SON (X)
AND HIS SISTERS IN THE GROUNDS OF PETERHOF.

At the time these photographs were taken the future Tsar of all the Russias and his sisters were to all intents and purposes prisoners at Peterhof, fifteen miles from St. Petersburg, where they were guarded with extreme care. Cossacks patrolled the neighbourhood day and night, and the Royal children were also watched over by an army of other guards, police agents, and spies. The Tsaritsa is seen in the top photograph.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



"Londoner's Throat."

London (in bed).
Have you ever had "Londoner's Throat," dear heart? If not, this paragraph will bore you, and I implore you to skip it. On the other hand, if you have had it, you will sympathise when I tell you that it is now the fourth day since I was laid aside by this horrible complaint. (I am writing on Friday.) For four days I have been a helpless, unshaven, open-mouthed, stupid-looking person, unable to eat, or drink, or read, or sleep, or work. This morning I am much better, and am hastening to arouse your kindly indignation on my behalf, and on behalf of my fellow-sufferers. It is some slight consolation, perhaps, to know that there are hundreds of cases of "Londoner's Throat" within a mile of Charing Cross. "Whenever we have a spell of dry weather," said my doctor, "I always know that I shall see several of these throats." "What is the cause of them?" I managed to croak. "Simply the state of the streets. If the streets were only kept properly watered in dry weather, you would be perfectly well at this moment. But the streets are neglected; every gust of wind stirs up all sorts of horrible things, and the people with sensitive throats suffer." "Can't anything be done to make the authorities attend to their duties?" The doctor laughed. He had had experience, it seemed, of "local bodies."

My Busy Day.

I cannot truthfully say, however, that I have been dull. To begin with, my doctor has seen to it that I shall be busily employed at regular intervals. He has given me, for example, two kinds of tabloids. On the first is written, "Take one every half-hour," and on the second, "Take one every hour." As you may imagine, one has to exercise a good deal of ingenuity to avoid getting two tabloids in the mouth at the same time. If one did, I have no idea what the result would be. Some sort of an explosion, I presume. Then one is kept busy, again, with gargling. "To be used frequently" is the instruction on this particular bottle. I don't know what my doctor would call "frequently," and I have taken particular care not to ask. I just gargle when I am not doing anything else. It is a hateful business, anyway. Next I come to the inhaling. This is most interesting. You fill a pint jug with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of some mixture that smells like incense, wrap your head in a towel so that none of the steam shall be lost, and then hang over the jug for three minutes. This performance is repeated every three hours. Finally, there is a bottle of medicine labelled "A sixth part every four hours." Meals, of course, recur at painful intervals. . . . Oh, no; I haven't been dull.

Poor Dear "Central"!

On the first day of my indisposition, merely from force of habit, I kept on jumping out of bed to run to the telephone. Once I was wanted personally; the other eleven times it was just a mistake about the number. I admit that I crawled back to bed, after the eleventh spoof, thinking hard things about the ladies at the Exchange. A day or two later, oddly enough, I came across an article describing the latest methods of telephone work. Then I understood, and all was forgiven. Never again, I hope, shall I be led into speaking bitterly about "Central." Listen to the list of agonies that are brought about as surely and as often as one takes the receiver off the hook. "Lifting the receiver off the hook lights a tiny electric lamp in the Exchange. The light goes out when the switch-board operator thrusts into your line's answering jack a metal plug, the tip of the answering cord. The calling cord's tip, plugged into the multiple jack of the number you give to 'Central,' lights another small lamp, termed a supervisory lamp. Pressing a key rings the bell of the given number—that is, of the subscriber with whom you desire to talk.

When he takes up his receiver, his supervisory lamp goes out." And so on. Never again shall I have the heart to mutter peevishly, "Come on, Exchange!"

Mr. Aflalo's Pen-Portrait.

A couple of weeks ago, thrusting myself, quite unasked, into the discussion that is going forward on earlier and later existences, I wrote: "As to the future, if it is absolutely necessary that my soul shall pass into some other physical shape, I would choose to be a sword-fish." And I explained this selection by stating rashly that "people don't eat sword-fish. At least, if they do, they keep it to themselves. I never met a man who owned up to having eaten a sword-fish—not even a sword-swallower." This feeble jest has brought me, through the public Press, a well-merited rebuke (all rebukes, you know are "well merited") from that distinguished writer on natural history subjects, Mr. F. G. Aflalo. "I always thought," he writes, "that, both in the Mediterranean and along the Atlantic seaboard of New England, a very vigorous fishery was prosecuted for sword-fish. I daresay that Mr. Keble Howard will hardly believe me"—to be sure I do, dear heart!—"when I assure him that, in the New England fishery, a year's catch has exceeded a million and a half pounds weight, valued at not far short of 100,000 dollars. . . . I suspect that Mr. Howard had not indeed the sword-fish, but the saw-fish in mind. The saw-fish, a cousin of the sharks, is a grisly monster." That describes me beautifully. I have not shaved for four days.

Old-Fashioned Cynicism.

Writing in the *Graphic*, Lady Violet Greville asks: "Why are women so bitter nowadays? Their position has improved enormously of late years; their liberty is uncontrolled, their powers acknowledged, and yet every book a woman writes is full of gibes and cynical sneers." This is not quite correct, of course, but there is enough truth in it to make the question interesting. Why are many women writers so bitter? Well, for two or three reasons, I imagine. In the first place, they are apt to overrate the importance of their own writings. They have not yet grasped the fact that it is possible for a person to write and write "signed stuff" for fifteen or twenty years, and still remain utterly unknown to ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Again, they appear to be now passing through the phase that the male writer outgrew ten years ago: I mean the "clever-clever" phase. The modern male author, thank heaven, does not deal in epigrams and rubbish of that sort. Similarly, the modern male author, if he has any better tricks in his bag, discards the old-fashioned sneering business. The women writers, in short, are merely a little behind the times. Ten years hence their books will be human, natural, and not a bit "clever-clever." I exhort Lady Violet Greville to wait and see.

A Poster for the Court Theatre.

I am much interested to hear the rumour that Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the rising dramatist, has been photographed in the nude. The year of grace 1906 would have been a notable year any way, for was it not in this year that Miss Marie Corelli consented to the publication of an "authorised portrait of myself as I truly am to-day"? But Mr. Shaw has gone ten or a dozen better than Miss Corelli. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he has not taken an unfair advantage of the little lady. Whilst he was content to make innumerable speeches and flood the Press with letters, she could hobble after him and even keep him in sight. But I don't quite see what Miss Corelli is going to do by way of reply to this extremely daring advertisement. In the meantime, if Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker want a poster for the new Shaw play at the Court Theatre, they will know where to get it.

"AND THE SEA-PINKS NOW RESIDE AT VILLA NAUTILUS."



MISS ZENA DARE SINGING "THE SEA-PINK AND THE NAUTILUS"

IN "THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH.

And the sea-pinks softly whispered to the nautilus—
Our lot till now has been so hard and perilous,
We'd like to shelter, if we dare,
In the meshes of your silv'ry hair;
And we want to find a sole to quickly marry us.

So spread your silken sail and swiftly carry us
Far across the blue Atlantic,
For delay will drive us frantic,
Sail away you pretty nautilus,
You pretty nauti-nauti-nauti-nauti-lus!

Photograph by Bassano.

THE CLUBMAN.

The General Staff—An Attack in the Crimean Style—The G. S.'s Duties—The Brahmins Among Staff Officers—Politics and Poker—Why not Bridge Terms?—The Franco-Scottish Association.

THE creation of a General Staff supplies a "long-felt want." Everybody seems to find the words "General Staff" as comforting as "Mesopotamia," and as the Germans have a General Staff, and the German Army is the best in the world, it is only right that we should have one also. The people to whom its existence will



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS MUSICAL DIRECTOR:
THE LATE MR. GEORGES JACOBI.

Mr. Jacobi, the well-known composer who was musical director at the Alhambra for some twenty-eight years, and afterwards occupied a similar position at the London Hippodrome, died suddenly last week at the age of 66. He began his musical career as a violinist in Paris orchestras, played first violin at the Opera in London under Costa and Arditi, became musical director at the Alhambra, and in 1896, two years before he left the Alhambra for the Hippodrome, was appointed Professor at the Royal College of Music. Among other works, he composed over a hundred ballets, the incidental music for Irving's productions of "The Dead Heart" and "Robespierre," "The Black Crook," and "La Marseillaise Depuis Midi."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

make the most difference will be the Generals who rule over the various commands at home and in the Colonies and Dependencies. Up to the present time a General in command has been pretty well his own master. The War Office authorities pick out the best soldier they can find and send him out to his distant colony or command.

Once arrived there, if he has any idiosyncrasies he can give them full scope, and the staff under him have to carry out his wishes. I once served on the staff of a General whose particular fad was that the British Army should attack in the two-deep line, shoulder to shoulder, as in the Crimean days. There was no one to say him "nay," and though, according to the drill-book of the day, a regiment attacking should have been scattered over a mile of country, this particular General led his regiments to the attack with drums beating and colours flying, just as one sees the advance shown in the pictures of the Battle of the Alma.

That General, who was a good old fellow with an excellent taste in port, would at the present time have to revert to drill-book tactics when the Inspector-General came on an official visit to his command; and in the near future, when the General Staff is created, he would have always at his elbow an officer whose special duty it would be to keep him and his command in line with the rest of the Army. The officers of the General Staff will be a missionary band. Crammed to the muzzle with the very latest information, the very newest modes of killing enemies, they will go forth into the dark places of the earth and prevent Generals and their staffs from becoming rusty, themselves returning to headquarters after a four years' staff service and one year with a regiment to keep them humble, to absorb more knowledge and newer fads at the fountain-head before starting on another missionary enterprise.

The General Staff will be an *Imperium in Imperio*. At the present time, the officers of the Army may be classed as the hunters and the hunted—the regimental officers, who study to the best of their ability

the gentle art of killing their fellow-men, and the Staff officers, who devote their brains to the duty of finding more work for the regimental officers. To be a Staff College man is to belong to the caste of the hunters. Now there will grow up a caste within a caste, and the General Staff will be the Brahmins amongst Staff officers. "Is he a General Staff man?" will be asked before any officer will be definitely described as a model. One quality the General Staff officers will require continually, especially in the first years of the coming into existence of this new Staff—and that is tact.

When President Roosevelt reformed the spelling of the American nation and gave his fellow-countrymen a list of words which they may in future spell differently from the British manner, he might kindly have given also a list of new phrases to be embodied in the classic language of the country. I try and gain some ideas from the American papers as to the electoral campaigns which are in progress in the United States, but am always checked by terms which are outside my knowledge. I read, for instance, that such-and-such a Senator favours the "stand pat" policy, and, while appreciating the picturesqueness of borrowing terms from the national card game, this term and those applied to half-a-dozen other "tickets" convey no special meaning to the ordinary man who only speaks English.

Of course if poker and politics are to enjoy the same phraseology in the States, we could employ bridge terms with equal picturesqueness in our politics. Think of the contempt that could be expressed in the term "a mere chicane candidate!" And how inspiring it would be to electors to be urged to make a "grand slam" for their nominee! To declare "No trumps!" would be to differ from an opponent on every possible subject.

The Franco-Scottish Society, the members of which are going to Aberdeen to witness the opening of the new college by the King, is an association which recalls a much older *entente* than that between England and France. Now that England is, happily, on the best of terms with all her neighbours, such an *entente* as was formed against her in old days when Scotland, if in difficulties with the southern kingdom, always applied to France for help, belongs to musty history, but, all the same, there is a spice of humour in the banqueting of the Franco-Scottish Associates as soon as they arrive on British soil. The fact that the members of the Association are to be accompanied by M. Casimir-Perier and M. Delcassé gives their landing in England some political importance. Though M. Delcassé was thrown to the wolves by his countrymen, his policy

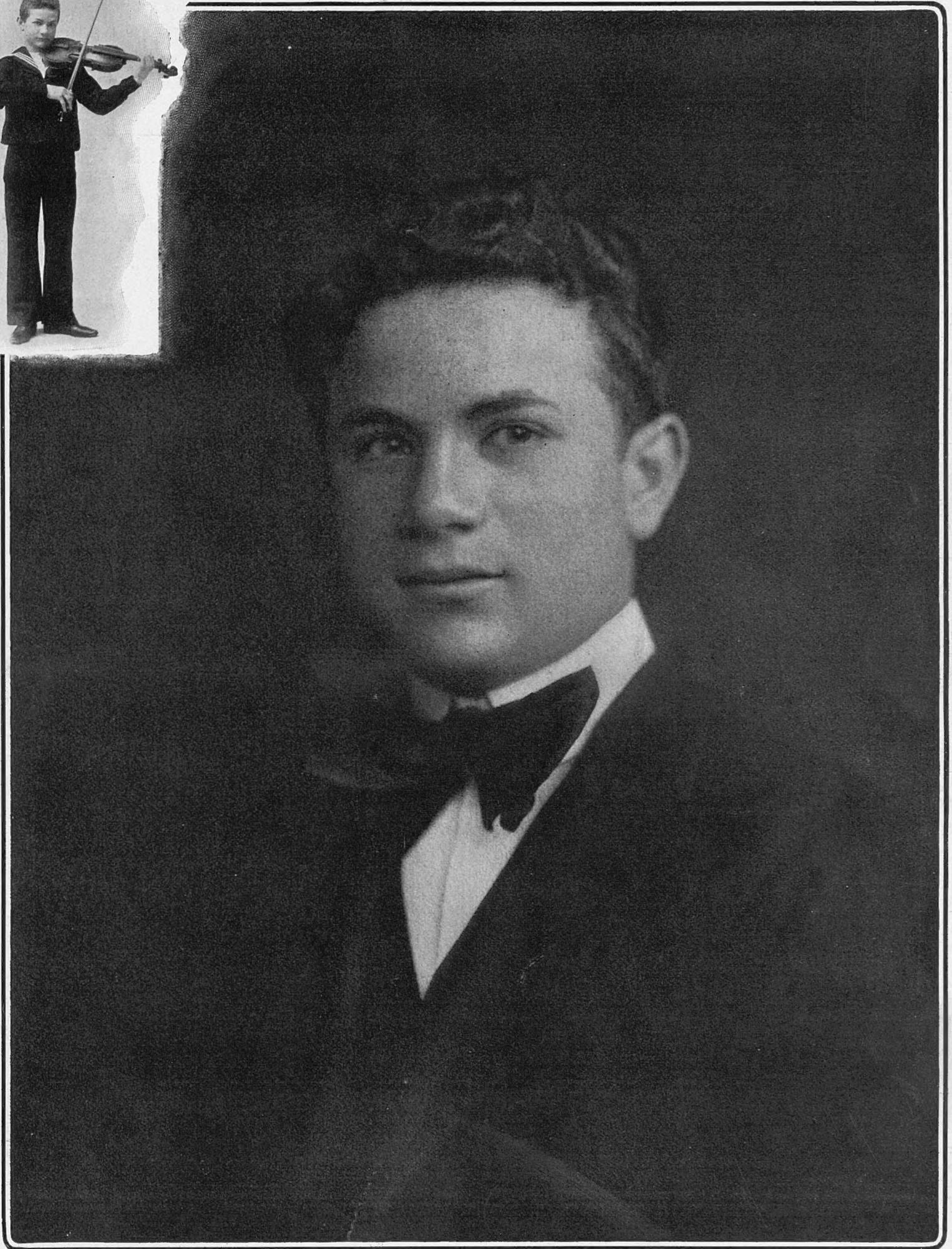


HAS HE PHOTOGRAPHED "G. B. S." IN "THE ALTOGETHER"?
MR. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

Mr. Coburn's admirable and artistic photographic work has created much interest of late, and that interest has not been lessened by the fact that his photograph, "Le Penseur," now on exhibition at the Photographic Salon, is believed to be a portrait of Mr. George Bernard Shaw in what Du Maurier called "the altogether." The pose of the figure is practically identical with Rodin's famous work bearing the same name, which now has place before the Panthéon, at Paris.—[Photograph by E. H. Mills.]

is still the policy of the French Government and of the French people, and he shares with our King the honour of uniting France and England in the tie of a very firm friendship. There is no man who should be more warmly welcomed on British soil than M. Delcassé.

THE GROWTH OF GENIUS.



MISCHA ELMAN, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, AS HE WAS LAST YEAR AND AS HE IS NOW.

Mischa Elman has "grown up" in appearance with almost startling celerity. But a few months ago he was a boy in a sailor suit, as may be seen by the smaller of our two photographs; now he has adopted the dress that goes with greater years.

Small Photograph by Ellis and Walery; large Photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke.

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which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr.
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rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and
liberality in every way to clients as those issued from
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T. FISHER UNWIN.
True Tales of Mountain Adventure. Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). 5s. |

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SEPTEMBER 22.

THE SLAVE MARKET IN MOROCCO CITY.

A WONDERFUL "ZOO" IN HAMBURG.

THE KING'S VISIT TO TULCHAN LODGE.

LEWANIKA'S RELEASE OF 30,000 SLAVES.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CRETE.

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

FROM the moment he sets foot in the Highlands the King becomes, to all intents and purposes, a great Highland laird. He first wore the kilt when he was seven, and he is quite at ease in the traditional Gaelic dress—indeed, on Deeside there are many who declare that he never looks so well as when wearing the Stuart tartan. Queen Victoria brought up all her children to share her romantic admiration for the luckless Stuarts and

their gallant Scotch defenders. The King possesses many priceless relics of both the Old and the Young Pretender, and he has a remarkable knowledge of all the details concerning that great rising known as the '45. Since his Majesty became so keen a motorist he has been able, when staying in Scotland, to make very interesting excursions in the wilder and less-known regions of the Highlands; and when so doing his remarkable knowledge of the historic associations of the places to which the Royal party are driving is always a source of astonishment and interest to those who have the good fortune to be at the moment his hosts and his companions.

The Princess Royal.

The news of the operation on the Princess Royal came as a great surprise to Society at large, but the fact that neither the King nor Queen deemed it necessary to be within easy distance of their eldest daughter's Deeside home proves it to have been comparatively unimportant. Her Royal Highness is dear to the British people as having early shown her love of her native country, and her determination to make a marriage of affection rather than one of policy. The Princess Royal takes a deep if unobtrusive interest in many charitable institutions affecting the children of the poor, and when in town she and her young daughters are constant visitors to the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. It may be hoped that her Royal Highness, as was the case with her august father, will enjoy far better health as a result of her operation than she has done hitherto.

Sir Francis Laking's Rule of Life.

The wise physician nowadays thinks rather how to keep his patients in health than simply to help them to get better when they fall ill. Sir Francis Laking, so long the Sovereign's trusted medical adviser, has always been the apostle of moderation. He considers that many more people are killed by doing too much, and

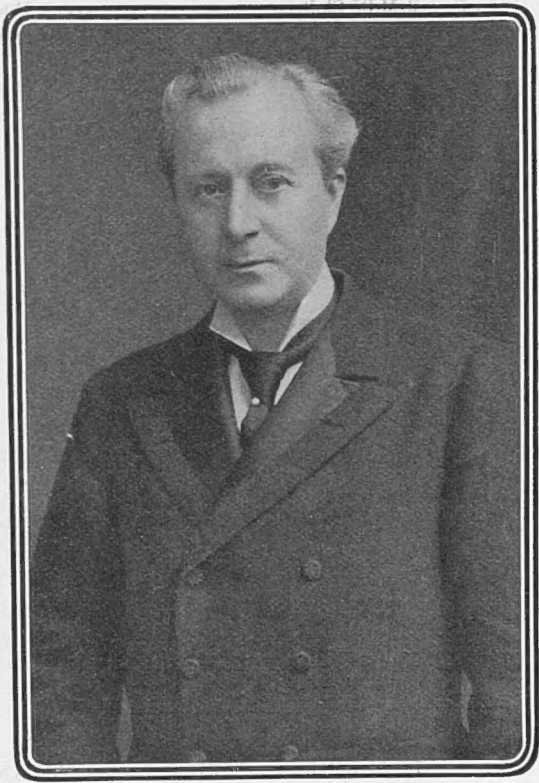
by making too great physical efforts, than by doing too little, and in this connection his advice, especially to those of his patients who are about to go off on a holiday, has always been: "Don't over-exert yourself; don't let the good air and change of scene make you eat too heartily, walk too long, or shorten your hours of sleep." Sir Francis, whose sudden illness in Aberdeenshire came as a great surprise to his friends, is perhaps the best-looking of all the great doctors. He is a man of hobbies, fond of collecting curious and beautiful things, and his love of art has been transmitted to his only son, Mr. Guy Laking, who holds the interesting post of King's Armourer.

A Most Responsible Position.

It would be difficult to overestimate the responsibilities attaching to such a position as that held by M. Paoli, who for many years past has arranged every detail of the Sovereign's journeys on the Continent. M. Paoli—who is, as his name implies, of Italian extraction—has the fine, cameo-like features and the shrewd, self-contained glance of the typical diplomatist, and his post is one that requires, above all things, the constant exercise of tact and finesse. In a sense, of course, his lines are cast in pleasant places. The Continental railway world is only too eager to meet what may be supposed to be the King of England's wishes in every way; but, even so, M. Paoli's task is not always an easy one, for he has to consider the royal suite as well as his master.

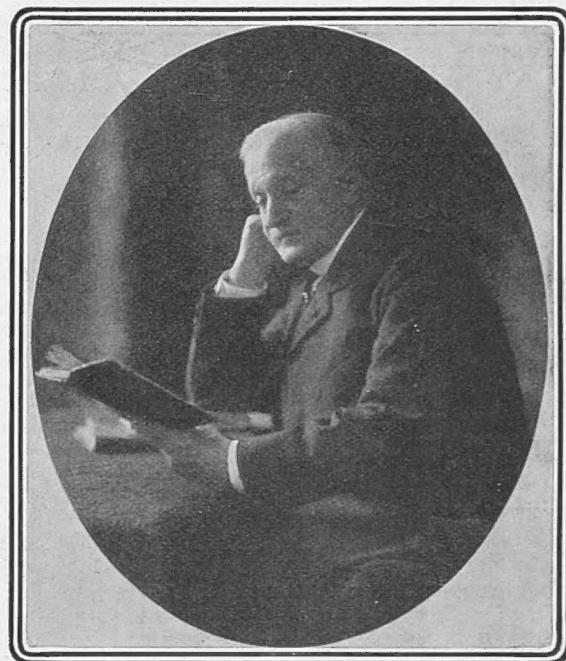
Thomas Hardy, Architect.

Said Thomas Hardy to Mr. William Archer in the course of a "Real Conversation," "I don't know that my surface knowledge of the country is so intimate as you think. But, for one thing, when I was quite a young man, an architect's pupil, I used to be sent round to sketch village churches as a preliminary to their restoration—which mostly meant destruction. I feel very remorseful now, but, after all, it wasn't my fault—I was only obeying orders." It is this remorse, perhaps, that has tempted Mr. Hardy to propose that a tower be added to Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester, and present Canon Rowland Hill, the rector, with a design for it. Perhaps, also, a certain professional pride dictated the suggestion and offer, for had he not been a great author he might have been a great architect. His early training was all with compasses and T-square. At sixteen he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect in the very place he is seeking to beautify, and, his time up, he migrated to London to practise his profession. There he worked under Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., son of the late Bishop Blomfield, was well grounded in the Gothic, and then entered the Victorian Gothic School of Architecture, under Sir Gilbert Scott, Butterfield, Blomfield, Street, and some others. Forty-three years ago he took Sir William Tite's prize for architectural design, and in the same year he produced an essay "On Coloured Brick and Terra-cotta Architecture," a work that won for him a prize and medal from the R.I.B.A. Then he began to drift towards that bourne in which he is now harboured, and gradually from 1867 he set his first choice of work aside, until in 1872 he decided to devote himself entirely to literature. None will regret his drifting, save, perhaps—and that occasionally—he himself: have we not all a sneaking fondness for the first love?



THE KING'S PHYSICIAN: SIR FRANCIS LAKING, WHO, AT THE TIME OF WRITING, IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photograph by Russell.



ORGANISER OF THE KING'S JOURNEYS ON THE CONTINENT: M. PAOLI.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

Selling an Empress's Jewels.

Those jewels belonging to the Tsar which have been coming into the market are not Crown jewels, it seems, but gems newly mined. There is always an ominous suggestion about the sale of a Sovereign's diamonds. When the Empress Eugénie began to dispose of hers, the knell of the Second Empire was sounded. Sedan had been fought, and it was necessary to convert gems of price into the sums for which they stood. But it had to be done secretly. It was an Englishman of reputation on furlough from India who undertook the sale. The gems were taken from their setting, wrapped in leather, and stitched into his belt. This he wore next his skin, and slept in it day and night, while he travelled from Court to Court of the Indian Princes. He had no guard but one servant whom he trusted. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were represented by the little load about his waist, and he carried all safely, in British territory and out, till the last gem had been sold. Then he returned with his booty to the Empress; but the strain had left him a broken man.

The Chaplain of Windsor.

One of the most popular personalities in the Royal Borough is the Venerable Archdeacon Baly, who, after a long career in India, is spending the evening of his days at the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park. The Archdeacon has a pleasant claim to fame in



MECHANICAL FIGURES SHOWN AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XV., NOW IN THE HANDS OF A CLOCKMAKER AT BERLIN.

The figures are the work of Pierre Jaquet Droz, and are now in Berlin in the hands of the clockmaker Frölich, who is said to be the only person capable of taking the delicate machinery to pieces and putting it together again. The figure on the left writes; that in the middle plays the spinet; and that on the right draws. They are shortly to be exhibited in Berlin.—[Photograph by Dannenberg and Co.]



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BALY, CHAPLAIN AT THE ROYAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR GREAT PARK, WHO IS RETIRING.

the fact that he is father-in-law to Sir George White. It was while Archdeacon Baly was in India, where he held many important chaplaincies before becoming Archdeacon of Calcutta, that his daughter became the wife of the young soldier who was to be the defender of Ladysmith.

A Fine Fowl Indeed!

The heart of the French President's new cook must surely be a-flutter. She will soon have opportunity to present a new dish to M. Fallières, who is by way of being a connoisseur in such matters, as well as in wines and brandies. Have not the Société d'Acclimatation hopes that it is possible to keep and breed the South American butcher-bird in France? This is not so much in itself—to ordinary ears; but let it be whispered that the fowl, if we may so call such a king of the feathered world, costs but three pounds, lives on even less per day than Mr. Eustace Miles—three-halfpence, to wit—ought to bring in a good proportion of its cost price each year by the mere sacrifice of its feathers, lays an egg containing meat enough to make an omelette, and has more flesh on its bones than a Southdown ewe. Here at last is a chance for the poultry-farmer. Should he fail at that, he can try mosquito-catching, professionally—emulating Mr. Woodbury, of the U.S.A., who has discovered that mosquitoes are the best chicken-food—and seek to

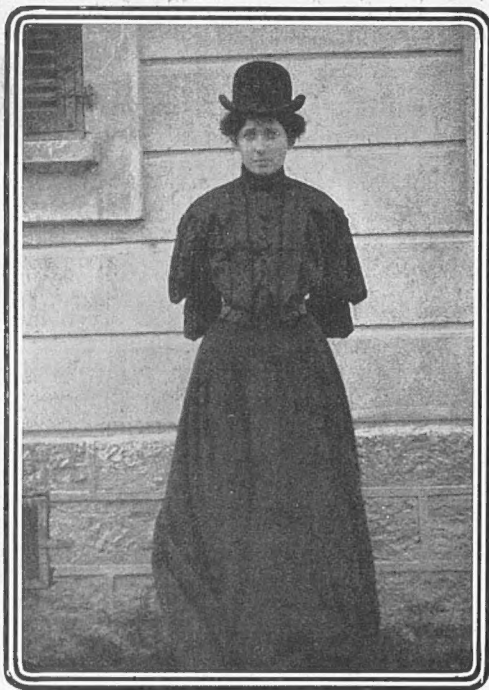
raise a fowl to compete with *Rhea Americana* in question.

Napoleon IV., the Nearly a Briton.

"Napoleon IV.," the amiable gentleman whom visitors found asleep in the bed which once was "the" Napoleon's, proves to be an Italian and mad. Well, Napoleon himself was a Corsican, and "saw things." Probably not one man in a million knows it, but Napoleon was nearly being born a Briton. France and England had a dispute about the possession of Corsica, and only a few months before the birth of the future Emperor the point was settled in favour of France. As it was, Napoleon sought to enter the British Navy. The future Lord Wenlock, who was his fellow-pupil at Brienne, saw his application for permission to enter the British Navy. "The difficulty, I am afraid," said Napoleon, "will be my religion." "Why," said his English friend, "I don't believe you have any religion at all." "But my family have," replied Napoleon.

A War Minister Killed and Captured.

You expect a War Minister to keep out of danger, if he can; he ought to be at least as important to the defences of the country as a General. However, M. Etienne, who is the gentleman presiding over the War Department of France, was theoretically killed several times during the recent manoeuvres, at which General French acted as eyes for our own edition of Mars. M. le Ministre is an impetuous and energetic



"MME. STAFFORD," WHO MURDERED M. MÜLLER, AT INTERLAKEN, IN THE BELIEF THAT HE WAS A RUSSIAN EX-MINISTER.

"Mme. Stafford," who shot M. Charles Müller dead at the Hotel Jungfrau, Interlaken, is believed to have thought that her victim was M. Dournovo, formerly Russian Minister of the Interior. M. Müller, who was 70, made a fortune at Mulhausen as proprietor of a colour and chemical factory, and settled in Paris some time ago, in a flat on the Boulevard de Courcelle. "Mme. Stafford" has been identified as Tatiana Leontieff, a former student of medicine at the University of Lausanne.

Photograph by F. Quay-Cendré.



THE WIELDER OF DIVINE RIGHT AND THE DIVINING-ROD: THE WATER-FINDER OF WHOSE METHODS THE KAISER RECENTLY APPROVED.

The Kaiser recently invited Prince Hans Carolath to give him ocular demonstration of the powers of the divining-rod, and also witnessed the work of the water-finder whose portrait we give. His Imperial Majesty was much interested, proved the truth of several of the Prince's calculations, expressed the hope that the occult powers of the divining-rod might become generally known, and finally wielded it himself—without success. It is not stated whether the more successful demonstrators are to be prosecuted for Majestätsbeleidigung.

Photograph by Dannenberg and Co.

person, and he was for ever wandering into the firing zone. When he was completely riddled with bullets, he trotted quietly back to his base. Once he went so far into the speculative jaws of death that he was captured by the enemy. "Sir, you are my prisoner," said the General of the invading force. M. Etienne took it in good part. "Here is my sword," he said, and he gave up his riding-whip to his captor, who politely returned it.

This Week's Great Scottish Wedding.

Pathetic interest attaches to the marriage of Lady Kitty Ogilvy, the eldest daughter of "the bonnie House of Airlie," at Cortachy Castle. The bride's father, the late Earl of Airlie, was one of the first of those gallant officers who lost their lives in the late South African War, and his death sent a thrill of grief through Scotland. His daughter's choice is also a soldier, for her bridegroom, Captain Berkeley Vincent, of the Royal Field Artillery, is aide-de-camp to Sir Ian Hamilton. Lady Airlie, who is a lady-in-waiting of the Princess of Wales, is entertaining an exceptionally distinguished house party at Cortachy Castle, among her guests being Lord Roberts and Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton, as well as her own brother and sister, Lord Arran and Lady Esther Smith. The wedding, which took place yesterday (Tuesday, 18th), was celebrated in the private chapel of the castle at nine o'clock, in order to enable the bride and bridegroom to start for their Irish honeymoon immediately after the ceremony.



THE WEDDING OF THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF "THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE": LADY KITTY VINCENT.

Photograph by Speaight.



A STRANGE PET: A TAME OTTER BEGGING.

Photograph by F. C. Bristow Noble.

career. Formerly Lady Mary Hamilton, she was the only sister of the late Duke of Hamilton, and the young Marchioness of Graham was, of course, called after her. Through her mother, the late Princess Marie of Baden, Lady Mary was of royal birth, and in earliest youth she was married, acting against her will, to the then son and heir of the reigning Prince of Monaco. After some years of unhappy married life, the union was annulled both in the Civil and in the Papal Courts, and the much-trying lady became in time the wife of the brilliant cosmopolitan nobleman whose name she has now borne for twenty-six years. Count and Countess Festetics live within easy motoring distance of Marienbad, and each summer they give a splendid "shoot" in honour of the King of England. Count Tassilo, as he is familiarly called, is a keen and successful breeder of racehorses, and he is the happy owner of the mare Patience, as yet unbeaten, and the most popular racer in Austria and Hungary. Count and Countess Festetics have many English friends and often come to this country, for the Countess has retained her early love of Scotland, and she does not forget the fact that she was born at Hamilton Palace.

The Sunday Paris.

The Sunday Rest Act is, of course, a political measure. When the other side want to be particularly obnoxious,



COUNTESS FESTETICS (FORMERLY LADY MARY HAMILTON) AND HER HUSBAND, COUNT FESTETICS.

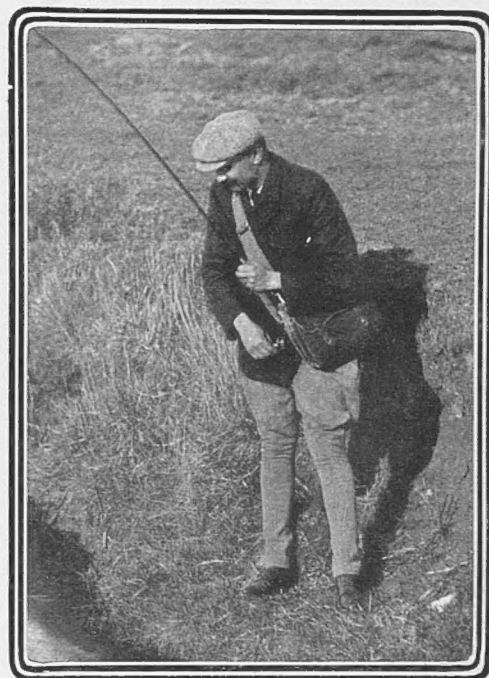
Photograph by Adele.

they say, "Oh, you wish to make Paris as bad as London on the Sunday." There was some terrible threat of that sort going about, but there is really very little danger. You cannot imagine the Boulevards without their cafés and their theatres upon the first day in the week. It is the one moment when the respective proprietors hope to make money. Not to be able to get a *consommation*, not to be able to gossip with a friend over the *bock*, to listen to the band, to applaud the artiste in the "café concert," to laugh at the comicalities of the funny man, to see the latest success at the theatres—these are unthinkable deprivations for the gay, light-hearted dweller by the Seine. No, they may shut the shops and stop the hair-cutting on the Sabbath, but a theatre-less, café-less Paris is impossible—ab-so-lute-ly impossible, *mon cher Monsieur*.

Practical Philanthropy.

Sir George Barham, by whom a host of little cripples are to be entertained at Hampstead Town Hall to-morrow, is a man of whom Londoners might have expected serious proportions in the Metropolis.

Years ago, when cattle plague devastated the pastures whence London had been wont to draw its daily supplies, he showed a way out of the difficulty by setting on foot the plan of importing milk from near and far in the country. That did not exhaust his interest in the subject. A voice from the barracks of British soldiers in India seemed to cry, "Come out and help us." He sent out a commission of experts equipped with the most improved scientific and mechanical appliances to give demonstrations in modern hygienic dairying methods, and to that commission India owes to-day her admirable dairying system.



THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR FISHING AT GILLING, YORKSHIRE: "RANJI" AS AN ANGLER.

Photograph supplied by E. P. Narey.

He is a man of many interests, and it is gratifying to see that the death of Lady Barham has not dimmed his ardour for philanthropic enterprises.

The Channel Wash.

"He gets his washing done in London," they say in Paris of a man who happens to be very Anglophil, just as they accuse him of wearing his trousers turned up because there is mud in the city of King Edward. Paris has lately entertained the washermen of London—not, mark you, the washerwomen, but the employers of the ladies of the dolly-tub. A particularly solemn, dignified, and well-groomed group they appeared. Sir Thomas Barclay, who has specialised in the *Entente* business for years, addressed them on the Channel Tunnel, telling them how useful it would be to fetch the washing home on Saturday morning. Whilst the Frenchman got his shirts done up in town, the Englishman could be getting over his sweetbreads. It is one of the oddest things that sweetbreads are a kind of Paris industry. Collars "dressed" by the Thames and sweetbreads titivated in Paris are the correct card in reciprocities.

A Legal-Military Alliance.

The Peerage, the Bar, and the Army are all interested in the marriage of Miss Muriel Herschell, one of Lord Herschell's pretty sisters, and Captain Ralph York. It will be remembered that soon after the announcement of the engagement Miss Herschell, while riding with her fiancé, had a very bad fall. However, all's well that ends well, and the wedding is to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the 4th of October. Lord Herschell, who will, of course, give his sister away, is private secretary to Lord Aberdeen, and one of the most agreeable and cultivated of bachelor Peers. He was the only son of the great Lord Chancellor, and he is that rather rare individual—a musical athlete, for he is a noted cricketer and a first-rate musician.

A £4000 Ceiling. Charles I. paid Rubens £4000 for painting the ceiling in the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace, soon to be



CAPTAIN RALPH YORK,
Who is to Marry the Hon. Muriel Herschell.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE HON. MURIEL HERSCHELL,
Who is to Marry Captain Ralph York.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

cleaned and restored at a cost of half the original price of £10 a yard. What is it worth now? No one can say with any

certainty, for it is never very likely to be submitted to the only test, the auction-room. It is fortunate indeed that it did not fall within the category of "superstitious pictures" burnt by order of an unco' guid Parliament, who would doubtless have executed Mr. Stead for appreciating La Milo (either of the Pavilion or the Louvre). Fortunate, also, that its subjects did not disagree with them overmuch—the apotheosis of James I., the scene typifying the birth of the Martyr King, and that illustrating the same unhappy monarch's coronation as King of Scotland. Certainly, the Puritans were not always thorough.

An Unfortunate Lord.

Lord Amherst of Hackney, who owes a terribly sudden fall from affluence to comparative poverty to the dishonesty of a solicitor, and has decided to sell his famous library, is meeting with much sympathy, and deservedly. Setting the money loss aside, there is something particularly hard in a man being compelled to put under the hammer that which must be akin to his heart's blood; assuredly his books must be that to Lord Amherst. William Amhurst Tyssen-Amherst, first Baron Amherst of Hackney, was born in 1835, and was an Eton boy and an Oxford man. He has changed his name twice, as his father changed his before him. Originally his surname was Tyssen-Amhurst, with a "u"; then, by royal licence, he altered it to Tyssen-Amherst, with an "e." The second change came, of course when he was enrolled among the Peers some fourteen years ago. His father's surname was Daniel, and he it was who, again by special permission, became the first Tyssen-Amhurst in 1852. Lord Amherst and his family figure prominently on the list of those holding rank in the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. He himself is a Knight of the Order; his wife is a Lady of Grace; and the five eldest of his six daughters are Ladies of Justice.

His eldest daughter, by the way, who is Lady William Cecil, is heir-presumptive to the Barony. His estates are in Norfolk.

A Loss to the Stage; a Gain to Society.

Irish society is much interested in



A LOSS TO THE STAGE, A GAIN TO SOCIETY: MRS. LANE JOYNT.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.

the news that Mrs. Lane Joynt, who made so interesting a stage début some two years ago—it will be remembered that she played Hecate, or "the Queen of Darkness," in the Drury Lane pantomime last year, and that she was also a member of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company—is going to be married again. Mrs. Lane Joynt was a noted beauty in Dublin society, and when, as a widow, she bravely made up her mind to become a professional actress, she received the warmest wishes of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Her retirement into private life will be a real loss to the playgoer, for she has the histrionic gift so many Irishwomen, and can act both in comedy and tragedy.

"In Her Own Right."

their own right. landowners, and a devoted wife and mother, she yet finds time to write very charming and original folk-lore tales. She is a true daughter of the Highlands, and she is familiar with all the traditions and strange, weird stories of that romantic country. Lady Cromartie, when in London, often stays with her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at Stafford House. It was from there that her marriage to Major Blunt took place in 1899.

The young Countess of Cromartie is the prettiest, and certainly the most literary, of that select little group of ladies who are Peeresses in Their Own Right. Though one of the greatest of Scottish



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

A SCREW-PROPELLED SWIMMER:

THE CROSS-CHANNEL SWIM MADE EASY.

A SECTION.

THE MOTOR.



M. CONSTANTINI'S MOTOR SWIMMING-DEVICE IN USE.

M. Constantini, of Paris, has invented the automatic swimming device, or life-saving apparatus, here shown. "The main body, or case of the apparatus," says the *Scientific American*, "consists of a light aluminium box about 20 inches high, which is adapted to be carried upon the back of the swimmer. It is just large enough to contain the motor and the rest of the apparatus. The propeller, *J*, which is used to drive the device through the water, is mounted on the end of a crankshaft, and the latter is made to project out through a water-tight packing in the side of the case. To protect the propeller from any shocks it might receive, it is surrounded by a conical piece, carrying a wire gauze covering. . . . Gasolene is supplied from an aluminium tank, *A*, of square section, which is fitted against the back of the case. . . . To control the working of the motor, two rods pass to the outside. One of these works upon the carburetter to regulate the proportion of gas and air for the mixture; the second rod acts upon the ignition shifting. . . . Attached to each side of the main case is an air-bag of some size, which serves as a float. The swimmer is seated upon a projecting saddle formed of a metal plate covered with cork, *L*. . . . Two straps are fixed to the upper end of the box so as to fasten it upon the swimmer's back. . . . The storage battery and induction coil, which are not seen here, are stowed in the lower part of the case under the motor. . . . Steering is done by opening the hands more or less, or inclining them at different angles." To illustrate the way in which the apparatus is used, we have posed Miss Odell as here shown.

For a fuller description see Second Ladies' Page.

Drawings of the apparatus from the "Scientific American"; Photograph of Miss Odell by Bassano; Arrangement by "The Sketch."



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

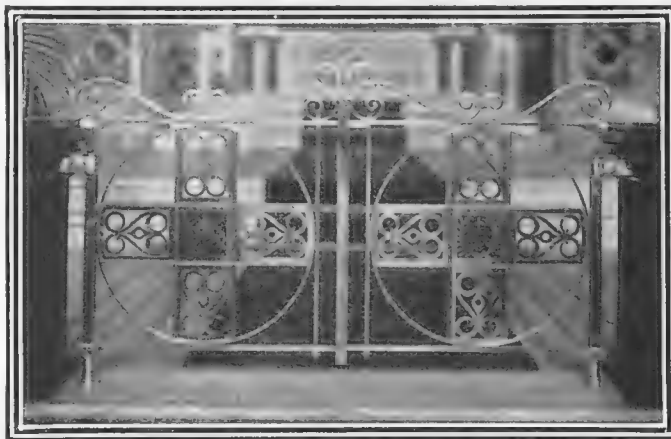
The Healing Art. Members of the medical faculty in the provinces, one of the papers reports, are being ruined by competition. They always were. Yet, like the old lady who lost on every article of which she disposed, and was compensated only by the number she sold, they seem, so far, to have flourished on their adversity. One member of the fraternity, whose neighbourhood is a shockingly healthy one, manages to preserve a cheerful countenance, and gaily risks a diminution of a practice none too large. As deaf in both ears as Wellington was in the one which the discharge of an adjacent cannon shattered, he conducts his interrogatories in tones which even he himself can hear, what time the patient intently listens to the harrowing story told. Then he stumps determinedly into the sick-room, and with stern voice reproachfully observes, "Well, you're still here, are you?"

Valour's Better Part. The King's visit to Scotland is, of course, the occasion of sincere rejoicing north of the Tweed. Many of the happiest days of his Majesty's youth and early married life were passed in and about Balmoral. Nowhere did Queen Alexandra meet a more cordial welcome than in the Highlands. Still, one of her visits produced a most serious struggle in the mind of her humble host. He was a bent and war-scarred veteran, who, a generation earlier, had won his medals under Nelson. Over his mantelshef hung the cutlass and musket which he had so well plied in the Battle of Copenhagen. Dear and honourable relics of his prowess as they were, they now represented perplexity to his aged brain. The royal bride was a Dane; that cutlass of his had helped to defeat her countrymen. Would it be disloyal to the Queen to hide them? Would it be discourteous to the Princess not to do so? Moreover, would she not have him decapitated if she learned their gory story? Taking one consideration with another, he inclined to the two latter beliefs. He hid them.

Did Not Want a Royal Visit.

In entertaining the King, his Scottish hosts are less in danger than predecessors who were responsible for the hospitable reception of earlier Sovereigns. It needed but the saying of a favourite that he liked the estate upon which they were staying for such estate to be conveyed by the Sovereign to that favourite, without money and without price to the owner. And there were expenses, impressive to the mind of the frugal. When good Queen Bess first appeared to hunt at Berkeley Castle, so well and royally was she entertained that she determined to repeat her visit. The Lord Berkeley of the period was differently

minded. Deeply conscious as he was, he said, of the high honour which his gracious Sovereign condescended to confer upon him, he deplored the fact that "the deer had gone." It was true, and he saw to it that it *was* true. For he himself broke down the fences and let out the deer, so that he might not be proved unveracious.



SOLID SILVER GATES TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HIGH ALTAR IN THE WORLD.

The gates are in St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, which, it is claimed, has the most beautiful high altar in the world, to say nothing of some very fine statuary. The Retreat, by the way, occupies one of the highest situations in England.

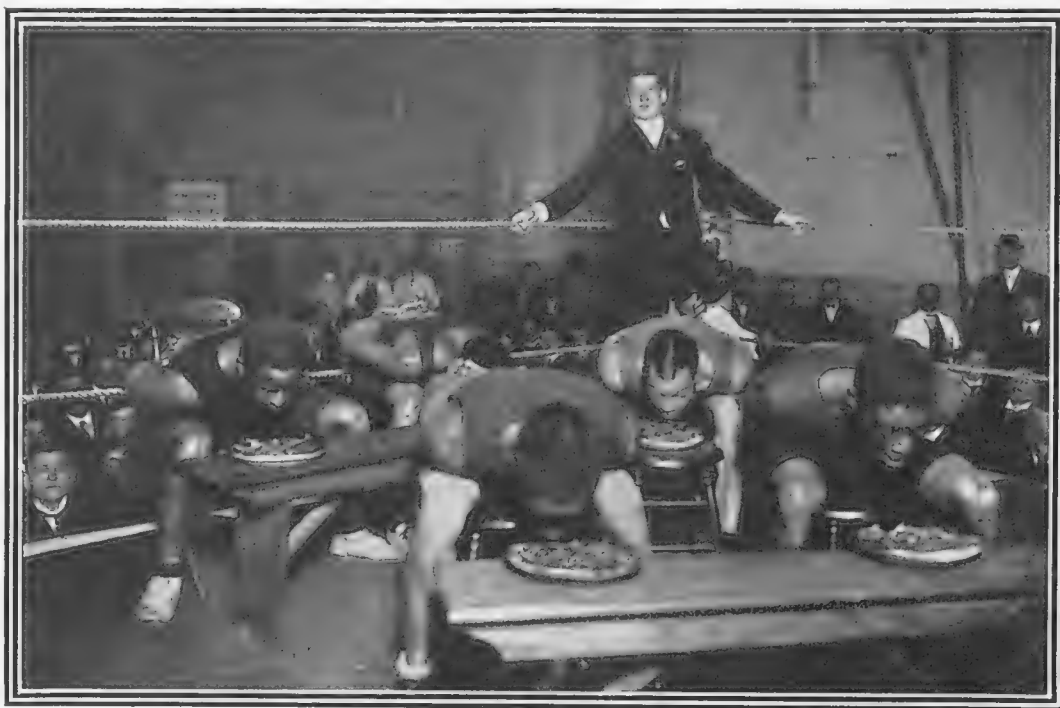
Photograph by Hamilton and Co.

window. He made an effort to recover it, but in so doing lost his balance, fell through the casement, and was killed. "Followed copy" was the heading given to the paragraph describing the tragedy.

An Effective Fire-Drill.

The deplorable scenes witnessed during the recent wreck of a vessel in Indian waters show that the native sailor has still a good deal to learn in the way of discipline. There are worse things than training with a view to such contingencies. English sailors have again and again exemplified its value, and their cousins across the Atlantic are

not less appreciative of its worth. Nor is their experience new. Admiral Farragut made his first cruise under a captain who had a habit of calling his men to quarters at all hours with a cry of "Fire." At first they resented the false alarms, but gradually habituated themselves to instant obedience and alert response. It paid. For there came a day when they had a prize in tow, when the prisoners mutinied, and in the silent watches of the night crept, armed, aboard the ship of their captors, intending to regain their liberty, even though they had to murder every enemy aboard. Young Farragut crept to



THE CHAMPION PIE-EATERS OF AMERICA: A PIE-EATING COMPETITION AT THE MADISON SQUARE REPUBLICAN CLUB, NEW YORK.

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

his captain's bunk, and whispered the story of what was toward. The captain rushed on deck with his old cry of "Fire!" The crew tumbled out of their berths, rushed to quarters, and were just in time to overpower and disarm the dismayed mutineers, who in another few minutes would have turned the tables on them.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



CLIMBING A LADDER TO GO TO CHURCH IN A VILLAGE
IN UPPER SILESIA.

The church, which is 400 years old, is in a most dilapidated condition. The men of the congregation climb into it by means of a ladder; the women enter from below. Polanowitz has 800 inhabitants, chiefly Poles.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DILAPIDATED LUTHERAN CHURCH
IN POLANOWITZ.



A HOODOO CHAIR AND ITS OWNER.

The chair shown has so extraordinary a record that it is regarded as haunted. The first man to occupy it after it had been placed in Hawke's Hotel, Blinchester, Ohio, was found dead in it; a man's head was cut and his arm fractured by it; another man pitched out of it on to his face; another had his glasses broken by it and his fingers smashed; another had his collar-bone broken by it; another say sthat he was pushed downstairs by it; a woman was thrown out of it; a dog knocked senseless by it; and a baby found under it. Eleven other minor accidents are credited to it.



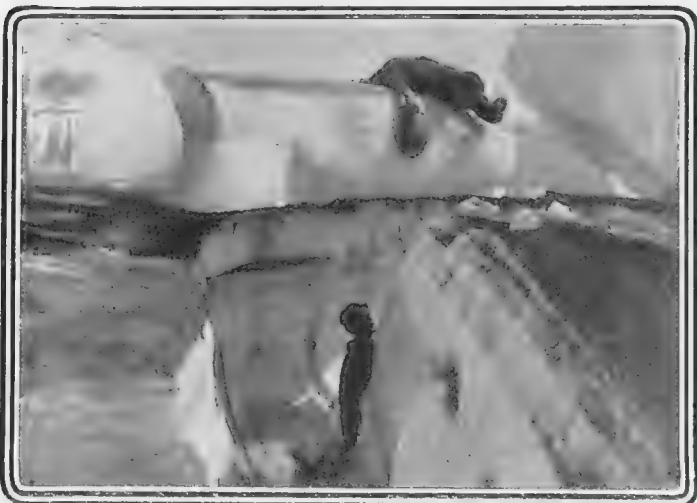
SNAKE-CHARMER AND SNAKE-SELLER.

The worthy here shown not only charms snakes himself, but, having sold a selection from his stock, teaches the snakes' new owners how they too may become charmers. He sells snakes of all sizes. We are unable to record the extent of his sales, the number of "charmers" he has turned out, or his methods. His school, however, must surely be one of the most wonderful in this most wonderful of worlds; his pupils perilously akin to supermen or superwomen.



LAND TO LET WHERE THERE IS NO LAND.

Our illustration shows one of the blow-holes which the District Railway, no longer needing such ventilators now that their system has been electrified, are offering for sale as building sites. The hole is in front of the church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, in Queen Victoria Street, and if the plot (it can hardly be called a plot of land, for there is only a tunnel beneath it) is taken up by any building, the front of the church will be hidden. The notice-board reads: "This valuable building site, with good basement, to be let on lease." "With good basement" is surely a touch of genius.

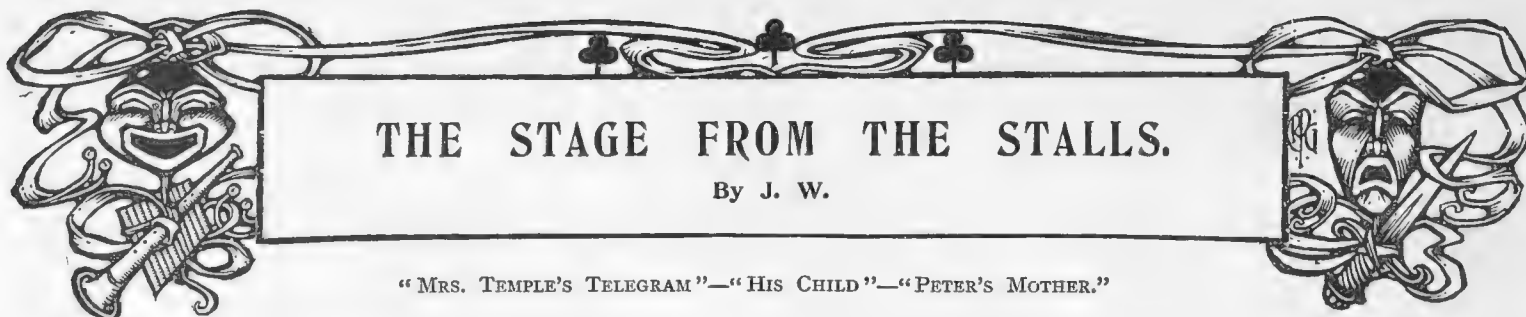


GOLD PROSPECTORS AMONG THE ICE; GREAT ICE BLOCKS LEFT UPON
THE BANKS OF THE ALLENKAKET RIVER BY THE RECEDING WATERS.



A BEAR THAT PULLS A BICYCLE CARRYING THE ALASKAN MAILS,
TRAINED BY, AND THE PROPERTY OF, MR. DICK CRANE.

Photograph No. 5 by Co-operative; No. 6 by the Keystone View Co.; No. 7 by Clarke and Hyde.



OF the new play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which takes up the larger part of the programme at the Waldorf Theatre, there is little to be said that has not been said many times before. If it succeeds, as it quite well may, for the public has strange tastes in these matters, its success will be largely due to the imperturbable solemnity and the curious American humour of Mr. William Morris, who is one of its authors, and plays the most important part. Otherwise the only notable things about the farce are its unabashed antiquity and a certain ingenuity in the whole-hearted way in which the changes are rung upon three pairs of husbands and wives instead of the customary two. Mr. Morris's claim to originality seems to lie chiefly in his ability to combine the material of two Palais Royal farces into one; and there is no wit in the dialogue or merit in the situations sufficient to atone for the almost daring lack of independent work. The farce has apparently won popularity in America: by which one can only suppose that America is once again anxious to suggest in itself a youthfulness which hardly does the country justice.

Mrs. Temple's telegram was written to a Mr. Brown of Pickleton. Mr. Brown had been invented by Mr. Temple to account for his absence all night. The absence was due to a mishap to the Great Wheel which left two persons in the air; one was Mr. Temple and the other was a Mrs. Fuller. Fuller is Mr. Temple's great friend, and a liar of unusual ability. Not knowing of Mrs. Fuller's little mishap, he agrees to corroborate Temple's story by impersonating Brown; and when a real Brown of Pickleton, with a furious wife, are thrown in, we have the mixture complete. Mr. Morris is funny, though not wildly so, while describing Pickleton and inventing explanations on the spur of the moment. Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Miss Sybil Carlisle work hard, but scarcely get down to the proper farcical level; and clever work is also done by Miss Frances Wetherall, Mr. Frank Collins, and Mr. Victor Widdicombe.

Very different is "His Child," by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, which, as a curtain-raiser to "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," provides a study in contrasts, and cheers the heart of those

who are looking out for oases in the desert. It is a singularly beautiful and life-like study of humble life, in kind and quality such as the authors' previous work has led us to expect. When our leading dramatists are spending all their time in the upper circles, and a descent to the East End means almost invariably a descent into melodrama, there cannot be praise too high for the writers who can see and reproduce upon the stage the humour and the pathos and the tragedy of the laundry and the block dwelling. "His Child" may be called sordid, or it may be called

recollection of the duties of motherhood by the news that the man, who is dead, had loved her to the last. The second great feature of the play (the first being the play itself) is a finely dramatic and wonderfully moving performance of Liz by Miss Haidée Wright. Altogether, "His Child" is an unusually green oasis, and gains, perhaps, from being found in an unusually arid desert.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is to be congratulated on having made a very great improvement in her art in a very short time. But perhaps "The Lonely Millionaires," which appeared at the Adelphi, was written long before "Peter's Mother." "Peter's Mother" has faults and weaknesses which prevent it taking its place among plays of the first rank; it is a little uncertain in its object, and the characterisation is not altogether satisfactory; but it has humour, considerable dramatic skill, clever dialogue, and several ideas, and things like these cannot be received with anything less than hearty gratitude. It has been stated to be pre-eminently a "woman's play," by which presumably is meant it contains some shrewd and subtle criticisms of man. But it has not the common woman's fault of super-sentimentalism and theatricality; and if the description be understood in its best sense, then a "woman's play" as an appreciation of "Peter's Mother" will do very well.



AN OLD STAGE FAVOURITE, MR. LIONEL ("LAL") BROUGH, WHO IS PLAYING MR. FAIRBROTHER, SENIOR, IN "THE BONDMAN."

Photograph by Burford.



Miss Winifred Winter. Miss Biddy Winter.

A PROMISING CHILD ACTRESS AND HER UNDERSTUDY, THE MISSES WINIFRED AND BIDDY WINTER.

Miss Winifred Winter is again playing Miss Gwendoline Tidmarsh in "The Man from Blankley's," which has just been revived at the Haymarket. Her younger sister, Miss Biddy Winter, occasionally understudies her.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

unpleasant, and in a sense the epithets may be just, but it has the air of reality and truth, and is so eminently an expression of deep feeling that sordidness is glorified and any unpleasantness there may be is forgotten in the contemplation of a beautifully drawn picture of a suffering human soul. It is unnecessary to tell the story in any detail. It is simply that Liz, left with the child of the man who has betrayed her and married another, is tempted to give up the child to the woman who has supplanted her, and is brought back to a

Man is certainly not shown up in a flattering light. Sir Timothy Crewys is hard, selfish, and quite unable to enter into the life and feelings of his comparatively young wife. His son Peter is a chip of the old block, and his selfishness is only redeemed by a certain air of irresponsibility with which Mr. A. E. Matthews knows so well how to grace his studies of the idle sons of the wealthy. Lady Mary, on the other hand, is a self-sacrificing, gracious, and tender creature, suffering with meekness her suppression during Sir Timothy's life, full of a mother's love, and waking gladly to the possibilities of better things in the love of her husband's cousin John: pleasant feminine qualities which are magnified a hundredfold by the fact that the player of the part is Miss Marion Terry. The first act of her history is sound, well-written drama: she has to decide whether she will remain by the side of a husband she only respects or hasten off to say good-bye to a son she adores. The husband is to undergo an operation which probably means death; the son is rushing wilfully to the war. When she has made her decision—thanks to John, it is in the husband's favour—the strenuous part of her life is over, and the rest is but pleasant light comedy, showing how Peter is taught that a son can do without his mother, and a mother may be allowed to find consolation elsewhere. In addition to admirable performances by Miss Terry and Mr. Matthews, there is the excellent and worldly John of Mr. Fred Kerr, and a very vivacious and attractive portrait of a young lady who solves the knotty problem by that delightful actress, Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

The curtain-raiser at Wyndham's is worth mentioning by reason of a strong and moving rendering of a German peasant-mother by Miss Madge McIntosh; otherwise "The Sixth Commandment," by "C. Hamilton," is but a vain attempt at an awful thrill, and only succeeds in being fairly effectively melodramatic.

"THE BONDMAN," AT DRURY LANE

DRESSES TO BE WORN BY SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN MR. HALL CAINE'S DRAMA.



- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| 1. JASON (MR. FRANK COOPER), ACT 1. | 2. JASON IN ACT 2. | 3. JASON IN ACT 4. | 4. MICHAEL SUNLOCKS (MR. HENRY AINLEY), ACT 3. |
| 5. ADAM FAIRBROTHER (MR. HENRY NEVILLE), ACT 2. | 6. ADAM FAIRBROTHER IN ACT 1. | 7. FATHER FERRATI (MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ), ACT 3. | |
| 8. DR. BONI (MR. OSCAR ADYE), ACT 3, SCENE 1. | 9. DR. BONI IN ACT 3, SCENE 11. | 10. MR. FAIRBROTHER, SEN. (MR. LIONEL BROUGH), ACTS 1-2. | |
| 11. MRS. FAIRBROTHER (MISS MARIE ILLINGTON), ACT 1. | 12. CHRISTIAN ANN (MISS MARY BROUGH), ACT 1. | 13. THE PRESIDENT'S MAID (MISS HOPE), ACT 3. | 14. THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEKEEPER (MISS HENRIETTA WATSON), ACT 3. |

Designs reproduced by courtesy of the management of Drury Lane, and Messrs. B. J. Simmons and Co., 7 and 8, King Street, Covent Garden, makers of the costumes.

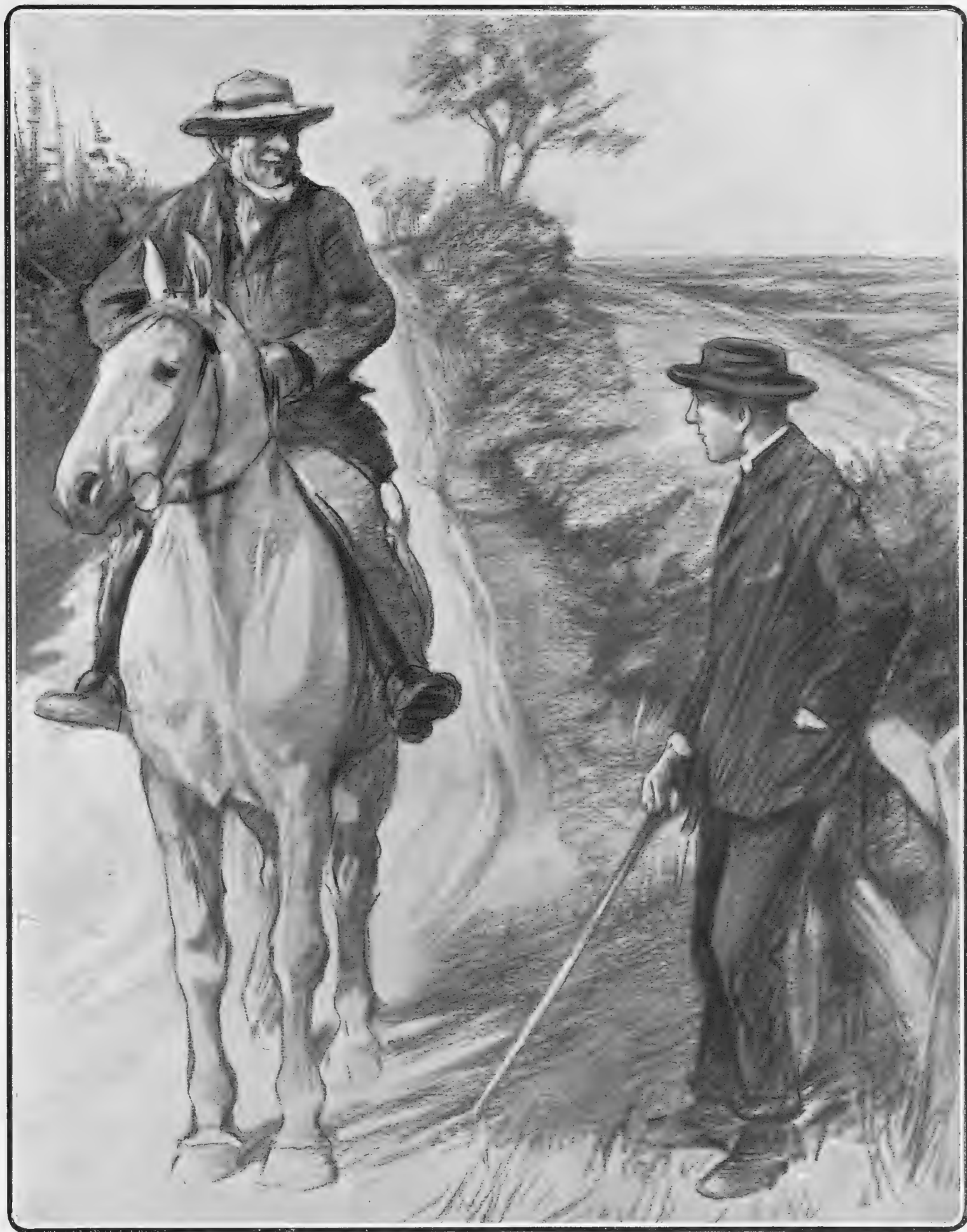
HUMAN SKY-SCRAPERS.



A NERVE-TESTING TRADE: WORKING ON AMERICA'S MAMMOTH BUILDINGS.

Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

A SAINT AND A SINNER — AND BOTH SUCCESSES.



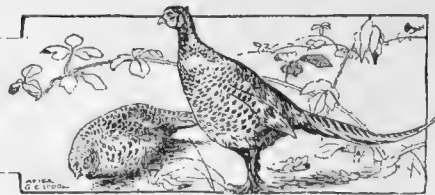
THE CURATE: You've got one son in the Church, and another a horse-dealer, haven't you, Giles?
GILES: That's right, Sir. One servin' the Lord, t' other servin' the devil—an' both doin' well.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Specialists and Game-Shooting.*

I have been much amused of late to notice how the quality of a man's shooting varies according to the sort of sport that he knows best, and how rarely one finds a man who is at his ease under all shooting conditions. Not long ago a friend of mine, tenant of a moor where driving is practised from Aug. 12 onwards, came for a day's sport with me on a grouse-hill where birds are shot over dogs. Although he is quite a good shot, my friend could do very little against birds that got up rather wild, but well within range. I thought he was off colour, but towards the end of the afternoon, when a small wood was beaten and some pigeons came out very strong on the wing, he stopped nearly every bird within range, and finished up by missing some comparatively easy chances at fast-going rabbits. Then I understood the facts of the case. He was accustomed to shooting driven birds, and was no hand at anything that rose in front of the gun and went away from it. It is the same with men who are accustomed to walk their birds and to shoot a lot of ground-game. They seem to be first-class shots, and are, within certain limits. But see them when the birds are driven for the first time: put them in front of grouse at the butts, or partridges streaming over a hedge with a puff of wind behind them, or pheasants going back high and hard to a home wood, and they are lost. If, however, a snipe rises on the way home or a woodcock glances among the bare boughs, the men who stopped the driven birds with ease may possibly be quite at sea; and the hand that stops snipe or woodcock is quite likely to be the one that has failed throughout the day.

In a Rough Country.

As far as ground game are concerned, the best shots seem to me to come from the districts where game-preservation is rare. There are districts in which a few partridges and a lot of rabbits are all that the land has to offer to the sportsman, and the men who shoot there are never puzzled by any rabbit. Bunny has but to show the tip of an ear or scut and he will be picked up stone-dead, shot neatly through the head. It is all one, whether he is running towards the gun or away from it or across it, and the best shots are the men who never seem to take aim. They merely look at their mark, and the gun seems to do the rest. In country where the bracken is pretty thick and the shooting is very fast one meets men who have learned to shoot ground-game from the hip, and do not even put their gun up to their shoulder; but this, of course, is a device of expert shooters, whose practice is obtained throughout the year. If one takes the fullest advantage of the Ground Game Act, there is no month in which the gun lies idle, but I cannot help thinking that the spring should be kept sacred, and that birds and beasts that have survived

the winter should be suffered to live in peace when the year has changed. It might be remarked, however, that in parts of the country where the shooting is rough and open, partridges and rabbits have a degree of cunning and resource that they do not know in highly preserved lands. Only the fittest survive, and they raise families that are as cunning as themselves, so that it is far more difficult to kill fur and feather on poor land that commands a very small shooting rent, and is often badly poached, than it is on ground that is watched by keepers whose special interest lies in preparing as big a head of game as may be for the guns.

Colour and the Country-side.

I have an idea that the colour of things has a good deal to do with shooting. Coming into a country for the first time or after a long absence from it, the eye refuses at first to accept the general colour of the surroundings, and some places seem to have a peculiar quality of atmosphere that is quite baffling to the sportsman who visits them for the first time. Then, again, the eye that has been limited by the natural restrictions of big cities fares badly when it comes first to open country. I remember a remark made by Lord Roberts during or shortly after the Boer War to the effect that the Boers could see much farther than the British soldiers, and I believe that almost the only men hailing from these islands who were on terms with them were Lovat's Scouts. These men were Highlanders, and their eyes were well trained. The town man, whose vision is limited at every turn by brick walls, cannot hope to see as far as he would under more favourable conditions. At the end of a year given almost entirely to the country I found that I could see many things that passed unnoticed when I first left town, and I have always remarked that men accustomed to vast open spaces have a splendid range of vision and do not suffer from short sight in the same way that townsfolk do.



LIKE A SNOWBALL! A TAWNY OWLET.

Photograph by J. T. Newman.



THE ONLY PURE WHITE COCKER SPANIEL IN THE WORLD: MR. FRANK E. CURTIS'S SIMCOE PURITY.

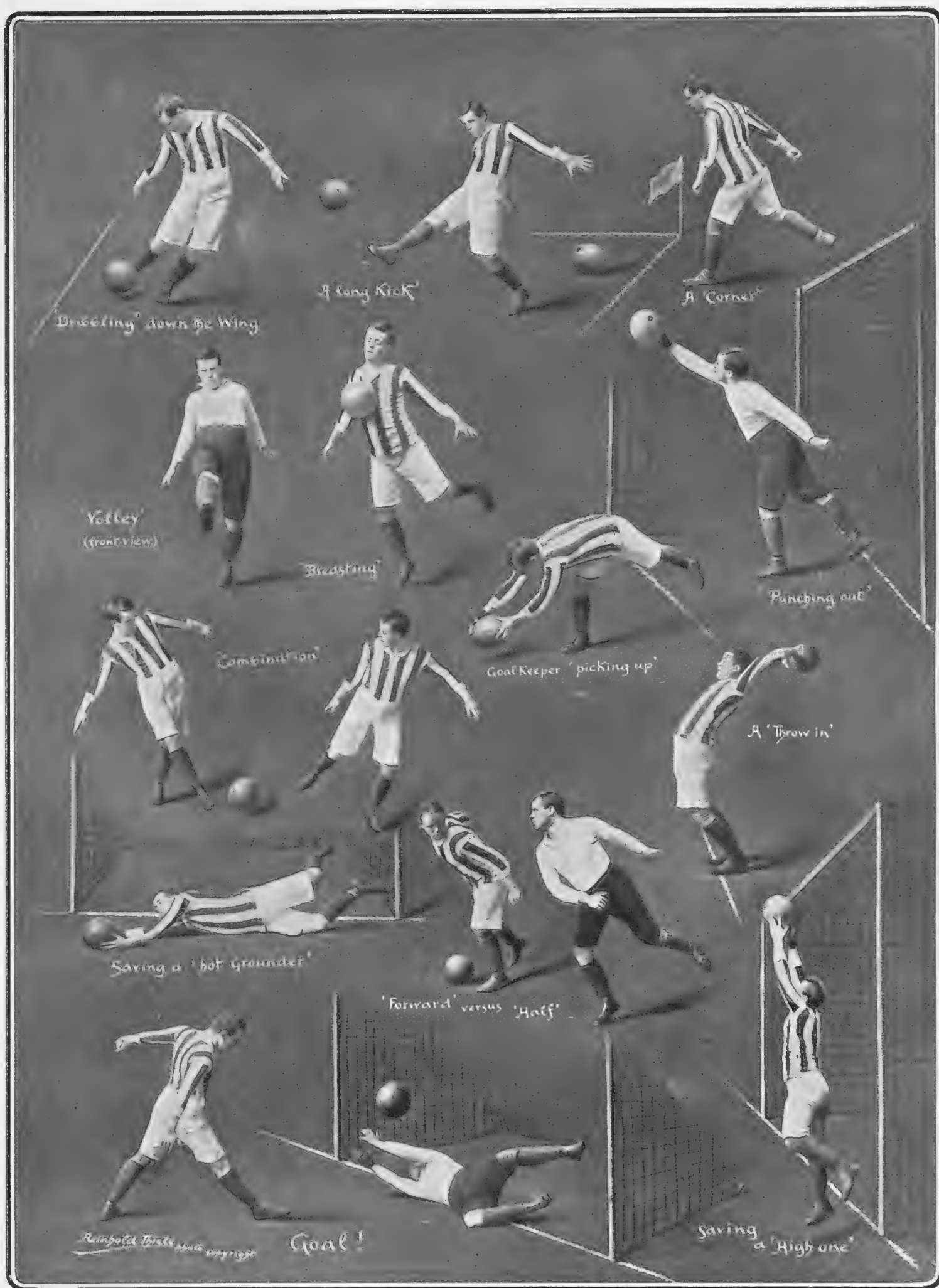
Simcoe Purity was bred by Mr. Frank E. Curtis, who states that his dog is the only pure white cocker spaniel in the world.—[Photograph by Moore.]

The Art of Hearing.

Hearing is affected in the same fashion by residence in big cities. London, for example, is always noisy, and it is almost impossible to find a corner within the four-mile radius to which the roar of the streets cannot penetrate. In the country, on the other hand, one listens through what seems at first to be silence for the delicate undertones of life until at last the ear responds to sounds that would be inaudible under ordinary circumstances. The twitter of the swallow as she sings to her young, the song of the bees in lime or chestnut tree, even the shrill treble cry of the young bat become distinctly audible to the trained ear, and listening

to the great pastoral symphony of copse and hedgerow one learns to recognise some of the instrumentalists. In fact, it is beyond doubt that all our natural faculties are limited by the town, and developed by the country-side.

THE ARTS OF GOAL-GETTING AND GOAL-KEEPING.



MORE HINTS FOR THE FORWARD AND THE GOAL-KEEPER.

We have received many applications for a further illustration of Association football in this series, and therefore have pleasure in giving additional examples of the methods favoured by expert players.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE entertaining author of "Collections and Recollections" has been writing on the favourite beverages of great men. Thackeray's choice was claret. He said that "our intellect ripens with good cheer and throws off surprising crops under the influence of that admirable liquid, claret." Mr. Gladstone, to whom the other pleasures of the table meant nothing, was a stickler for port, a believer in it, a judge of it. Mr. Russell says that the only feeble speech he ever heard from Gladstone was made after dining at an otherwise hospitable house, where wine was not suffered to appear. Lord Tennyson drank his bottle of port every day, and drank it undecanted, for, as he justly observed, a decanter holds only eight glasses, but a black bottle nine. Mr. Browning, if he could have his own way, drank port all through dinner, as well as after it. Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to complete his hundred years, drank a bottle of port-wine every day after he came to man's estate. Mr. Finching, the wine-merchant in "Little Dorrit," thought champagne "weak but palatable," and Lord St. Jerome, in "Lothair," was esteemed by the young men a patriot "because he always gave his best champagne at his ball suppers."

The latest enterprise of the News-Cutting Agency at the time I write is an offer to supply Sir Thomas Malory with Press notices of "Tristram and Iseult." There have been plenty of similar cases. Some five years ago Messrs. Isbister published an elegant reprint of "No Cross, no Crown," by the famous William Penn. In due course they received a wrapper addressed to "Mr. William Penn," and containing a couple of sermons clearly intended to refute certain unorthodox views held by this rising author. A living English playwright had a play of his accepted at the Odéon Theatre in Paris. Calling on the manager one day, he told the doorkeeper to announce "The English author whose play has been accepted." An adaptation of "Othello" was in rehearsal at the time, and on receiving this message, the manager said, "Very well. Show him in—M. Shakspeare, no doubt."

Mr. C. C. Osborne contributes to the *Independent Review* a very welcome paper on Samuel Carter Hall, for many years editor of the *Art Journal*, but likely to be best remembered as the prototype of Pecksniff. Mr. Osborne knew S. C. Hall in his later days, and regarded him apparently with a discriminating goodwill. He starts out to show that Pecksniff is not a creation, a creature of flesh and blood, and much less a truthful presentment of Hall. But as he goes on he is compelled to admit many resemblances. He says that in his old age Mr. Hall was truly Pecksniffian in his morality. Dickens wrote in 1853: "Concerning Mr. and

Mrs. Hall—S. C. I presume to be the Christian initials—I in confidence renounce that amiable couple as the most terrific Humbugs known on earth at any period of its history. And as to their being in my confidence, or knowing my affairs, I can only say that it must be in a magnetic, table-moving, or spirit-rapping way—wholly without participation of mine—and altogether unaccountable and supernatural." Mr. Osborne puts in italics phrases that S. C. used habitually, and which were reproduced by Dickens. "I think Mr. Pinch

might have done better than choose for his companion one who, at the close of a long intercourse, had endeavoured, as he knew, to wound my feelings. I am not sure that this was delicate in Mr. Pinch. I am not sure that this was kind in Mr. Pinch. I will go further and say I am not quite sure that this was even ordinarily grateful in Mr. Pinch." Mr. Pecksniff kept his hand in his waistcoat as though he were ready on the shortest notice to produce his heart, and Mr. Hall had a trick of putting his right hand inside the velvet jacket which he usually wore buttoned by one button at the waist. Pecksniff was a snuff-taker, and was always drawing out his handkerchief, two small things in which Mr. Hall resembled him.

The following description of an incident while Mr. Pecksniff was showing Martin Chuzzlewit over the house might be an almost literal report of Mr. Hall's words—"This is my chamber. I read here when the family suppose I have retired to rest. Sometimes I injure my health rather more than I can quite justify to myself by doing so; but art is long, and time is short. Every facility, you see, for jotting down crude notions, even here." These latter words were explained by his pointing to a small round table, on which were a lamp, divers sheets of paper, a piece of india-rubber, and a case of instruments; all put ready, in case an architectural

idea should come into Mr. Pecksniff's head in the night, in which event he would instantly leap out of bed and fix it for ever." S. C. Hall had an arrangement of a similar sort. Mr. Osborne had heard him say scores of times, "Ah, my dear boy"—a favourite mode of address to any of his youthful assistants—"ah! You see I am never idle. If I get an idea during the night, I light my candle and jot it down; and then I work it out in the morning before I get up. Let us live to be useful. That is the way I have succeeded in doing so much work. This is the four hundredth volume I have written or edited, in addition to all my other writings and reviews. Be industrious, my dear boy, and you will be happy. Ah! this is a portrait of Mrs. Hall's saintly mother, Mrs. Fielding, God bless her!"—here he always took down the picture and kissed it—"she was a saint! She was a saint! Ah! what I owe to that woman and to Mrs. Hall no one knows." Was not Dickens pretty near the truth? o. o.



THE POETASTER: You may think it strange, but that light little poem of mine kept me awake three nights.
HIS VICTIM: It is strange. It sent me to sleep immediately.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE DANGER OF LOOKING FOR WORK :

A WARNING TO THE UNEMPLOYED.



GENTLEMAN (who has been asked for a trifle "ter buy bread, Guv'nor"): For a beggar, you look very respectable with glasses on.
TRAMP: Ah, Sir, I've ruined me eyesight lookin' fer a job, Sir.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE WEDDING OF STELLA.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.



THE sun was behaving in an absurdly benign manner. There is a proverb that guarantees impossibly happy things to the bride

upon whom the sun shines. And She was going to marry an Army man who was—well, frankly speaking, I suppose he has some sort of soul, but he conceals it very well. He really was and is nothing but a smile and an Army manner. And She . . . Our Affair was so far remote that I may speak impartially. She might be happy with him—but it seemed foolish of the sun to shine so obtrusively.

Although the Affair was so remote—it was ten months before that She became engaged and sent me an astonishingly incoherent note—I thought it judicious to show up. I bore her no ill-will for selecting Captain Vandor. I might feel sorrow—for her, but no anger. I believe her maternal great-grandfather suffered from a touch of the sun. There may be excuses in heredity. In any case, if She had treated me badly—I do not say she had—the note was incoherent enough to mean anything or nothing. Fate was linking her with a smile that time would render irritating and an Army manner for which daily familiarity would breed contempt.

My hansom nearly collided with the Bruncktons' car. My cabman, undeterred by the shadow of St. Mary Abbot's, remonstrated with the chauffeur—in a stronger manner than usual through being obviously in the wrong. A small crowd of butcher-boys and nursemaids standing beside the awning showed a disposition to encouragement of the cabman. I gave the cabman his fare and dived up the awninged way, horribly conscious that, stimulated by popular approval, he was commenting freely upon the appearance of Lady Brunckton, whose modern wig and antique face are in striking contrast.

In the church I saw my cousin Amandis. There were stories about Amandis and Jack Vandor. Certainly he stayed a long time at my aunt's country place. Lady Sophie—my aunt and the mother of Amandis—said he was a dear man and so useful that she regarded him almost as a son, and we naturally expected to hear the engagement announced. There is nothing so damaging to a girl as the expected engagement that never happens. I joined Amandis. I really felt sorry for her. Amandis is very handsome. When our Affair was happening She used to tell me that so many people denied the possession of good looks to Amandis. She herself admired her immensely, although "possibly her hair was not quite the real Titian red—but it gets nearer every season—sun, I suppose." I never realised before how handsome Amandis was.

"Mother," said Amandis, "is not coming. She is, as you know, so devout. She hates a millinery fuss in a church. She says she can pray for them quite as well in her own room."

"Aunt Sophie's brougham passed me," I informed my cousin. "Bridge is so fascinating."

"You're wicked—and quite wrong. Besides, she was so horribly lucky yesterday, Mrs. Cutbush insisted upon revenge. The Cutbushes? Oh, she has a severe cold—the Colonel and the girls are over there. Can you see them? Oh, look slowly. Mary is in magenta, and the shock is rather—By the way, Gerry, I hardly expected you would come." She looked at me pityingly.

"Why shouldn't I come?" I demanded.

"Oh, well, yes," she answered vaguely. "Of course, I think she behaved abominably; but it is, perhaps, wise to come. People are horribly uncharitable."

"I do not see—" I commenced.

"Of course not—it is absolutely no business of theirs. The Godringtons are staring like cormorants—no, I don't mean cormorants, but the things that do stare—straight at you. That's to pretend they know. They never were in our set, thank heaven!

Some of the Verriers' gang, I suppose." Stella Verriers is She—the absolutely only She in the whole wide world of Kensington (which includes Earl's Court, but never, never the Wild West Kensington).

"I really do not understand why anyone should stare at me," I said resentfully.

"Then you approve of my costume?" Amandis smiled at me. "Of course, as you say, they may be merely envious of my frock. Even Worth looks suburban on the Godringtons." I had said nothing of the sort, and certainly had not intended to convey a compliment. But I did not refute her wrong conclusion. Amandis looks charming when she smiles. I merely conveyed admiration by a look.

"You are—?" I looked at the gap between her and an old man obviously unknown to her.

"I'm supposed to be with Lady Shenrock. Mother insisted. I—I lost her in the crowd. I have a horrible fear of Lady Shenrock. Churches have a curiously somnolent effect upon her. She stayed with us down in Gloucestershire. She quite disconcerted the Rector in his sermon. She is frightfully audible. Ah, there's Jack—Captain Vandor!" Amandis grew slightly confused, and fidgeted with the buttons of a glove already buttoned. "He is surely rather early?"

"I think not," I said. "The choir are in the porch. He looks anxious."

"How absurd men are!" If it had not been Amandis, I should declare that she sniffed. "Why should he be anxious? Hush, Gerry—I think you should remember that it is really church, even if the Verriers have tried to turn it into a raree show." A minute later, She moved past us on the arm of her father. Stella, with her gloriously black hair, and big, dark, mournful eyes, looked beautifully bridal. She was pale—I think she saw me. I am afraid I sighed.

"How unhealthy a dark woman looks in white," Amandis whispered to me. Amandis is very fair.

After the ceremony Amandis commandeered me, and incidentally my hansom.

"I cannot search out Lady Shenrock in a bundle of hay," she declared—"although, of course, she is not a bit like a needle. Besides, she is probably fast asleep, and won't awaken until a pew-opener shakes her. I shall find her at the Verriers' somewhere, and she will drive me home, so that mother will be satisfied. People seemed rather surprised to see us together—did you notice it?"

"Perhaps—" I commenced, smiling at her.

"You are horrid, Gerry!" she said quickly. "There never was anything. Mother liked Jack, and—really, it is ridiculous! Surely to-day proves that."

"Proves what?" I asked.

"That there could be nothing in what—well, I know people say things. But *that* woman. Oh, no, Gerry, oh, no." She smiled pityingly at me.

"Stella," I commenced. Then I paused. After all, a defence of Stella might be misconstrued. And it is always injudicious to defend one woman from another. The other being Amandis, it occurred to me that it was altogether foolish. I had never seen my cousin looking more attractive. I altered my sentence. "Stella looked rather well," I said lamely.

"She looked better when she left the church," Amandis said judiciously. "It must be trying to be the central figure when you are not used to it."

So we came to 403X, Queen's Gate, and stared at as many of the presents as we could see. Three hundred people searching diligently in order to discover whether their presents were displayed in a satisfactorily prominent position rather hampered us.

"By the way, Gerry, what did you give?" my cousin shouted at me. Mere talking in a crowd is impossible. The strain of perpetually shouting against other women exacts an awful penalty in the almost universal high-pitched voice of English womanhood. The higher the society the higher the voices.

"Bridge outfit," I replied. "Everything you want for Bridge, and many things you don't. I spent some time searching for them."

"Oh!" Amandis betrayed considerable admiration. "Gerry, you are wicked! It reminds me of the first wedding offering—when I've

[Continued overleaf.]

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL



IV.—HE TAKES AN INTEREST IN ILLEGAL SPORTS, AND ACTS AS UMPIRE.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.

was given an apple, you know. It upset things then—I daresay your idea will be equally as workable. Not that they will have any Paradise to be turned out of. But Bridge is like chloral, insidious, and can accomplish much. Was your present meant for Jack or Stella?"

"Captain Vandor," I answered promptly, with some flicker of loyalty to the She whose capital claim was, I feared, dwindling sadly. "She has a soul above cards."

"Not visiting ones. The bonnet-Duchess once called on her—I believe merely to solicit orders, the woman is capable of pushing her business even in the social circles of Brixton or the remote parts of Croydon—and her card has grown grimy with long duty mounting guard on the top of the Verriers' card-tray." Amandis smiled at me happily. A woman never looks so nearly akin to an angel as when she is imparting information derogatory to another woman. Amandis looked divine.

"You are scandalous, Amandis!" I said, not too severely.

"No—it was. It was also sheer laziness. I should have cleaned it with breadcrumbs. Oh, Gerry, that's the fourteenth cake-basket! And Jack loathes cake!"

"Stella has a soul——"

"Oh, yes, I know," Amandis interrupted. "There was something positively indecent about her soul. It was always being trotted out, poor thing. Black hair, sallow complexion, and lack-lustre-eyed people always possess souls. It's their excuse—(How d'ye do, Mrs. Hurk-Enstle? Didn't Stella look lovely? Yes, yes, quite a love-idyll, I believe)—excuse for the complexion, you know. The less complexion, the more soul. Hers sat out at dances, snuggled into corners of boxes at the Opera, usurped the quiet places in country houses, and paraded Cowes. What did it mean?"

"It meant," I said, ransacking my memory, "being above—er—things, feeling that there is something—er—beyond us which we must try to achieve and never can—er—sort of intellectual and soulful Derby, you know, to a man who can never train more than just a runner."

"Skittles, Gerry! It meant a cloak."

"Really?" I said. I was studying my cousin's chin. It has a peculiarly fascinating dimple.

"Yes. There's Deepstein's water-colour. How wild Stella must be! They've stood his blatant vulgarity at four dinner-parties this season in the hope of diamonds—he's Kaffir, you know. And I suppose by giving her a 'liddle thing of my own, my tear,' he thinks he has done her special honour. Beautiful, isn't it?" She smiled seraphically.

"But the cloak?" I reminded her.

"Which cloak? I don't see any." She peered at the tables. "Oh, what we were talking about ages ago! You do think slowly. It's want of practice."

It was not ages ago, but I let her remark pass.

"The soul above things is a cloak carefully wrapped round nothing at all—like the wrap in the vanishing-lady trick. You take away the cloak and there's nothing there. Some people are surprised—which is so dear of them, and equally stupid."

"Stella never conjured—she didn't even skirt-dance during the rage."

"It is figurative," Amandis said severely, "it is a mere illustration." There happened to be a lull in the babel. MacTavish, the Associate, was standing close to Amandis, gazing in rapt admiration at his gift, an oil of his own—small child in nightshirt, basking in noon sunshine on a very green lawn, trying to pull hair out of a pained puppy, called "Oo can't tell." He caught her explanation and construed it into a criticism of his picture, glared at her, and backed savagely into the crowd, followed by a rustle of aggrieved lorgnettes.

"I dare say," I said reflectively, "that the soul above things would be somewhat trying after a bit."

"It generally means a domestic *débâcle*," Amandis said firmly. "Poor Jack! You were lucky, Gerry."

"Fate," said I, "has frequently been kind to me. Aunt Sophie might not have had a severe cold and been obliged to play Bridge."

"I don't quite see ——" Amandis commenced.

"Another mere illustration," I explained. Amandis gave me a quick look and smiled. "Vandor was a long time with you in Gloucestershire."

"The Rector's daughter"—Amandis spoke quickly—"is quite attractive. And mother was very fond of Jack—really fond. She—she frequently becomes attached to young men."

"Yes," I agreed. "I have noticed that."

"One can't be responsible for one's mother when—— Mother is absurd. She knew Jack's aunt. And he—well, he has a lot of property in our county. And mother is anxious that I—— But there was nothing in it. I had to be agreeable to him."

"You could hardly help that."

"No doubt Stella has said things to you. She would. She has. Lady Mary told me. I suppose she thinks it heightens the achievement. What did she say?"

"It was in confidence," I expostulated.

"And therefore meant to be repeated."

"She hoped that you would not think unkindly of her, but that she was afraid you would, and Time was a great healer."

"Cat!" my cousin said.

"Of course, she was wrong," I continued diplomatically. "There was nothing in it."

"Absolutely nothing—mere courtesy to a guest. What did you say?"

"I—er—didn't say much. I—er—conveyed things." Amandis was really charming. But for the fact that we quarrelled so frequently, She might never have been distinguished in my mental dictionary by a capital letter. Possibly the fact of our quarrelling demonstrated our mutual interests.

"Conveyed things?" Amandis looked her bewilderment. "You trusted to Stella to grasp the subtle fact that you conveyed things? How pathetic, Gerry! As an effort of faith, excellent—but supremely pathetic."

"I conveyed them obviously," I said stoutly. I was fully embarked upon an effort of imagination. My memory of the interview accident granted me with Stella after her engagement was a confused one. I bore very little vocal part in it. I think she impressed me with a feeling that someone was making an act of renunciation, and that neither of us could ever hope to be happy, and that Jack had hidden qualities. Assuming that he had qualities, I was fully prepared to agree that they were hidden. So, being hazy as to what really occurred—the whole interview was hazy—I was free to invent.

"Yes. You would hardly be subtle, Gerry. The question is whether your obviousness was sufficiently obvious for Stella to grasp. But what did you convey?"

"That—er—I also had been much in Gloucestershire."

"You! Of course, you have. Mother is really fond of— Oh!" She gave a sudden gasp, as though the formula suggested something to her.

"And that—er—well, you understand. It was rather a delicate matter——"

"Otherwise, I should think," Amandis said.

"It is certainly the best proof that there really was nothing," I insisted.

"For you or me?"

"For both," I declared.

"Oh, Gerry, we are both dipped, eh?" She smiled at me mischievously. "And you have really devised this all by yourself?"

"With your help."

"Mine?"

"You look so—desirable."

Amandis bit her under-lip as though she considered grave matters. Suddenly she smiled at me radiantly.

"Here they come, Gerry!" she whispered.

We paid our homage to the bridal couple. It was rather an awkward moment. Conversation languished. Amandis surprised me by regarding me shyly, yet proudly. Stella's patronising air grew a little paralysed. Suddenly she leant towards Amandis and whispered very audibly.

"Is the old proverb to be established?" she said. "One wedding makes many."

Amandis smiled half shyly, half wickedly, and her whispered answer was quite as audible.

"Could I do better than follow an example which has been so successful?" Amandis looked from Vandor to Stella. The two faces betrayed extreme discomfort. "You look so—happy." The pause before the last word was sufficiently perceptible.

Lady Beames bore down upon the Vandors. I think she was surprised at the warmth of their greeting. Amandis watched their escape—there is no other word so descriptive of their attitude—with delight.

"Amandis," I said, in as thrilling a voice as was compatible with the exigencies of out-shouting the babel.

"You are a brick, Gerry! I should never have thought of it. Besides, I couldn't have done it alone." Her tones were warmly grateful.

"We shall do all things together now," I said blissfully. What a fool I had been not to have appreciated Amandis before! The nearness of cousinship makes for inappreciation.

Amandis stared at me blankly. I noticed suddenly that her shyness had evaporated.

"It was an excellent ruse, Gerry," she said. "They will have something to think about during the honeymoon. You will bear me out that I committed myself to nothing."

"I hoped you had committed yourself to me," I said. Amandis opened her big eyes in astonishment.

"My dear Gerry, how absurd! I have very little vanity, but——"

"Committed yourself to my care until Fate, in the shape of Lady Shenrock awakened by the pew-opener, carried you away from me in a Panhard." I think I recovered myself in rather a neat fashion. I wondered whether she knew that it was really an exhibition of heroism.

"Ah, yes, of course. And, by the way, there is Lady Shenrock. I must really go to her. Did I tell you what our present was?"

"No," I replied. I really took very little interest in the matter.

"Opals—and Stella is horribly superstitious," Amandis called over her shoulder as she dived for Lady Shenrock.

"Opals—bad luck," I said to myself, watching my cousin disappear in the crowd.

THE END.

IN FULL CRY!



CUB-HUNTING.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE TRAPPING OF A MOTOR-TRAP.

ILLUSTRATING THE WORK IN WHICH OUR POLICE FORCE IS APPARENTLY EXCLUSIVELY ENGAGED.



Centre of Trap

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TRAP, SHOWING THE DANGEROUS AMOUNT OF TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD.



THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAP, WITH A BRACE OF POLICEMEN IN AMBUSH BEHIND THE HEDGE.

The police-trap here illustrated by the camera of Sir Archibald J. Macdonald, Bt., J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Automobile Association, was situated at Ninfield, in Sussex. Sir Archibald, in company with three reliable witnesses, drove to the quarter distance of the trap in quick time on his 40-h.p. De Dietrich, carefully piloted to the exact spot by one of the "victims" who had given him information. In describing his "tracking" experience he writes: "There was no timing apparatus at either end of the trap. It did not take two of my passengers long to find out that it was artfully concealed in the very centre of the trap, and thither I proceeded. I found 'Wagflaghorn' in charge,



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF TRAP, TIMING APPARATUS, AND POLICE.

with a professional electrician who presided over this 'internal machine,' which was worked as follows—It consisted of an oblong box about 14 by 10 inches. In the centre of the lid was a watch, and on each side of the watch were two electric press-buttons. Note the method of procedure, which I carefully observed while sitting by the 'machine' while cars were actually running through the trap under supervision of my assistants. Car enters trap from either end and police in charge, as shown in photograph, press a button, which rings a bell in the aforesaid box, 220 yards distant, in centre of trap. Electrician in charge, caught unexpectedly, standing some two yards away from the



A SCOUT WATCHING POLICEMEN WAITING TO SIGNAL "CAR COMING" TO THE CENTRE OF THE TRAP.



THE END OF THE TRAP: ONE OF THE POLICEMEN IS AMUSED AT BEING DISCOVERED.

box, and possibly lighting a cigarette or pipe, rushes to box and presses No. 1 Contact to stop the bell ringing, and then No. 2, Contact to start the watch. How beautifully accurate! Car passes centre of trap, 220 yards in a given time, then No. 3 Contact Button is pressed to stop the watch, and No. 4 is pressed, which rings a bell at the 'far end, either way, for the car to be stopped. That is all, but it is a very expensive, reprehensible, and, I fear, extensive and low-down trick to play on a straight and open country road to the detriment of my brothers of the road."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AFTER the répétition générale, the performance. To-morrow evening Drury Lane will be packed from floor to ceiling with the large audience which never fails to congregate for the production of the autumn drama. That the acting will be of a high standard of merit goes without saying, in view of the number of well-known names in the cast. The audience's interest in the play is certain to centre first in the play and then in its playing, though the realism of the introduction of a "real" cow to be "really" milked by a lady who has had "real" experience in the art has been seized on by some of the daily papers for making a sensation. This forcing of an incident into practically a supreme position always makes the judicious actor grieve, for it inevitably causes him to think of Mr. Crummles and the real pump. The business of the stage is to make the imagined reality appear absolutely real by the magic of art—to make mimic passions affect a great multitude as if they were witnessing the real thing, and it is this emotionalism in the drama which makes it vital and overwhelming in its appeal.

While Mr. Hall Caine has used his own novel, "The Bondman," as the basis of the Drury Lane drama, it will be found to be considerably altered in its transformation into a play. The novel itself has been put on the stage, for it was dramatised by the late Mr. Wilson Barrett.

That the drama has often produced a great moral effect on the individual every playgoer knows. That the playwright has exercised his calling in the celebration of special occasions is a no less well-known fact. The latest example occurs this week in Milan, where the Universal Peace Congress is meeting. A play in two acts, appropriately entitled "Peace and War," written by Professor Charles Richet, is being performed, and will no doubt attract a great deal of attention.

The characteristic matinées of the Court will recommence for the winter on Tuesday next, when Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker will produce "The Silver Box," a play in three acts by Mr. John Galsworthy. It will be performed by an extremely strong company, the actors engaged being Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Norman Page, Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Trevor Lowe, Mr. Athol Forde, and Mr. A. E. Matthews; Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Miss Frances Ivor, Mrs. Charles Maltby, Miss Gertrude Henriques, and Miss Irene Rooke.

Next Saturday evening Mr. George Edwardes was to have produced "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety. The date has, however, been changed to the following Saturday, for Mr. George Edwardes is no believer in the optimism which is expressed in the familiar theatrical

phrase, "It will be all right at night," even though the preparations clearly point to the unreadiness of the production. The stimulus of the presence of the audience and the critics undoubtedly does work wonders under such conditions, but Mr. George Edwardes is too shrewd a man to take any chances, especially in musical plays, whose appeal is not made to the serious or intellectual emotions of the public. It is for this reason that he so often postpones his plays, in order to improve them or to give the actors the opportunity

of working up their parts to a desired degree of excellence, finish, and brightness. As "The New Aladdin" is announced as a departure from the old order of Gaiety pieces, the necessity for this perfection is perhaps greater than ever.

The next news of the Coliseum may possibly come from New York. All being well, Mr. Oswald Stoll should arrive in the Empire City of the New World to-day or to-morrow, in order, as the gossips say, to confer with certain famous American managers on the subject of the magnificent house in St. Martin's Lane. Whether the direction will be placed in their hands remains to be seen. If it is, it will be a terrible confession of English weakness and will be the most marked playing into the hands of Transatlantic impresarios which has been seen in

our time. The Coliseum's affairs have been the subject of a good deal of conversation in the world behind the scenes, where it is believed that a policy laid on large lines would not fail to attract paying audiences, for in an enterprise of that kind the most frequently heard opinion is expressed in the familiar words, "If you want to make money you must spend money."

To-day Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Dorothea Baird, and the ladies and gentlemen of their company leave Liverpool on the steam-ship *Majestic* for New York, where they will open early next month in Mr. Stephen Phillips's

play, "Paolo and Francesca," in which they have won much praise in the provincial cities they have visited. From the provinces, too, have come enthusiastic accounts of Mr. Irving's success in the dual parts of Lesurques and Dubosc, in "The Lyons Mail." In these parts, as well as in Charles I., which he acted for the first time in Liverpool, the American public will undoubtedly be greatly interested in seeing him, as well as in "The Bells" and "Louis XI., which he also contemplates producing. To fall back upon as an example of purely modern acting Mr. Irving also takes with him "Mauricette," in which Miss Baird and he appeared to such advantage at the Lyric, where, by the way, "The Sin of William Jackson" expiated itself by being performed only about a dozen times. The first production of the season was thus likewise its first failure.

ALF (MR. RUDGE HARDING) ADVISES LIZ TO KEEP A ROOF OVER HER HEAD BY GIVING HER FATHER AN OCCASIONAL SHILLING.



Liz (Miss Haidée Wright).

Nance Hablot (Miss Frances Wetherall).

"HIS CHILD," AT THE WALDORF: LIZ REJECTS A WAY OUT OF HER DIFFICULTIES BY REFUSING TO SUBSTITUTE NANCE HABLLOT'S DEAD CHILD FOR HER BABY.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios. (See "The Stage from the Stalls.")

KEY-NOTES

THE usually sleepy little town of Hereford was very busy last week, for on Sunday, the 9th inst., the Special Opening Service was held in the Cathedral, on the occasion of the one hundred and eighty-third meeting of the Three Choirs (of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester), for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergymen of the three dioceses. The service on Sunday naturally partook of a sacred nature, the programme including the "Song of Thanksgiving for Orchestra," by Sir Alexander Mackenzie (Opus 64). The Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester preached the sermon on the occasion of the opening ceremony; the first Anthem was Dr. C. H. Lloyd's "Give the Lord" for three solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, the soloists being Madame Siviter, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Mr. William Higley. Of course the Old Hundredth was sung, according to all traditions of the Three Choirs Festivals.

It is almost an understood thing that all musical festivals should contain a performance of "Elijah," and when one remembers that the work was specially written for an English festival, this matter is not at all unnatural. One interesting fact, however, in connection with the performance was that Mr. William Higley sang the part of the Prophet in place of Mr. Andrew Black, who had been previously announced for that rôle. (Quite by the way, it may be added that we have heard that Mr. Black has been doing very excellent work in Australia, winning golden opinions, and that he is still continuing his Colonial tour.) Mr. Higley's idea of the part is entirely individual: he does not adopt the more or less traditional readings which have been given by both Mr. Santley and Mr. Black. He goes in for a more personally dramatic ideal of the part than the other great singers mentioned. That is to say, Mr. Higley, possessing a very fine voice and strong intelligence, adapts himself in a singular way to what many may consider to be an utterly novel reading of Mendelssohn's chief character in the oratorio. Some there may be who, a little old-fashioned, will look upon this novel method a little askance; but Mr. Higley is nevertheless quite justified in everything that he does, because he produces, through entirely different methods, the same artistic effect as the great Elijahs in the past. He is intensely emotional and intensely dramatic.

Madame Albani was the chief soprano of the occasion, and sang with great spirit, vigour, and much of that distinction with which one has always associated her work. Madame Ada Crossley, looking remarkably well, took the contralto part with dignity and with splendid vocalisation. Miss Gleeson White, who, apart from Madame Albani, who only appeared in the second part, was the chief soprano, was a trifle unsympathetic. Her voice, though well trained, did not exactly suffice for the tenderness of many of the scenes in the first division of the oratorio. Moreover, she was not versatile; she did not catch up every shade of expression designed by Mendelssohn; the result was that, though now and again her notes were excellent, she was neither dramatic enough nor sympathetic enough for her part. Mr. Ben Davies was in his finest singing form. He put all his vigour

and spirit into the tenor part. The minor parts were taken sufficiently well, and Dr. Sinclair conducted with full sense of responsibility and with remarkable cleverness.

The evening concert began with a new work by Dr. Walford Davies, entitled "A Sacred Symphony in F," the real title of which, as Mr. Gilbert would have said, being "Lift Up Your Hearts," the English translation, of course, of the opening to the Preface in the

Roman Catholic Liturgy, "Sursum Corda."

In this, to some extent, Dr. Davies has followed in the footsteps of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," unfortunately with scarcely the success which has attended the great work of the German master. Dr. Davies made so signal an impression on the musical world by his "Everyman"—although, in the present writer's opinion, the work was over-

rated—that much had been expected from this new work, which had been composed specially for the festival; as a matter of fact, any such expectation was doomed to disappointment. Dr. Davies has by no means produced a score of great originality; he reminds one at most times of Elgar, and at others of various composers, and one unfortunate reference, often repeated, might have sprung straight from a well-known French comic opera. The work was sung well, however, Mr. Plunket Greene being the only soloist in conjunction with the chorus.

The evening also brought us a performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," thus making a very heavy day of it for the chorus. So much has already been written of this now celebrated work that it will suffice to say here that Mr. John Coates was magnificent in the name-part. Both in the first and the second part his insight into the music and his dramatic feeling served him admirably. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who took the rôle of the Priest in the first and of the Angel of the Agony in the second part, sang with his usual solemnity and earnestness. As the Angel, Miss Muriel Foster repeated a success which has to a large extent identified

that particular music with her. And now a note on the chorus.

Under the conductorship of Dr. Sinclair, in some respects the chorus freshened work which, after many performances, might begin to have a conventional sound. Nothing in the present writer's mind can equal the savage onslaught in the "Chorus of Demons" which we heard done by the Sheffield chorus some years ago. At Düsseldorf the Demons had become a little more gentlemanly. At Queen's Hall they positively began to put on frock-coats; but at Hereford the singers went back to the original idea, and though keeping admirably together, threw all their energy, their heart and soul into the singing of this extraordinary musical scheme.

COMMON CHORD.

MR. FRED
HOLLAND
IN
PRIVATE LIFE.



A PROFESSIONAL CRICKETER AS A PROFESSIONAL SINGER: MR. FRED HOLLAND, THE SURREY BATSMAN, WHO RECENTLY MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS A PROFESSIONAL VOCALIST.

Fred Holland, the well-known Surrey batsman, has now become a professional singer, and he achieved a considerable success at the Tottenham Palace. He sang twice—"The Veteran's Song" and "The Fireman's Life." Holland has sung in church since he was quite young. He is thirty.

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele and Co.



THREATENED TAXATION: A STAGGERING BLOW TO THE INDUSTRY: RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION DISREGARDED—CHEAPER MOTOR-SPIRIT—AIR, MORE AIR!—THOUGHT AND TAR FOR THE CHILDREN—BOTTLED AIR FOR TYRES.

AN announcement has been made with respect to the new Motor Bill which may well cause dismay throughout the entire motoring world. Whoever is responsible for the terms and conditions of the new measure has apparently resolved to make pleasure-motoring impossible for any but the plutocrat, and to reduce enormously the amount of employment now afforded skilled and unskilled labour all over the country. If the information be correct, it will be sought to impose an annual tax of £1 per horse-power per annum upon every car used for pleasure, with a minimum of £5 per annum for any sort of motor vehicle not used for commercial purposes. So if you take the car run nowadays by the man of moderate means, anything of the nominal power of 12 to 25 horse-power, that man's yearly motoring expenses are to be swollen by an annual charge of from twelve to twenty-five pounds. Such a crushing impost, should it ever become possible, will spell incalculable and widespread loss throughout the country, and a huge addition to the melancholy army of the unemployed.

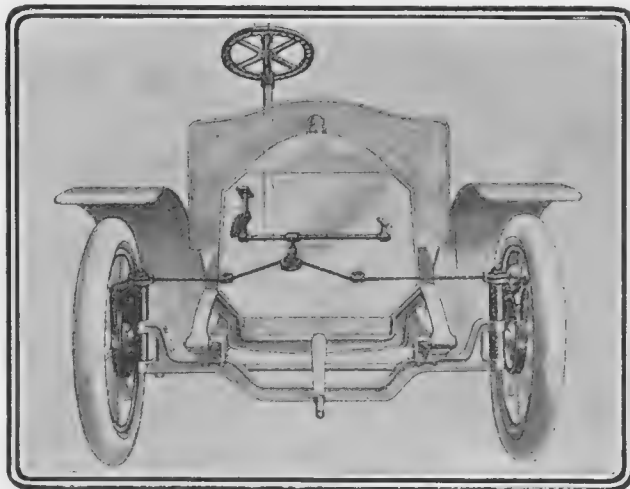
If so overwhelming a blow is intended by those who at present rule over us, a blow which must go far to cripple an industry which has already had a sufficiently hard struggle to attain its present commendable position in the face of severe foreign competition and home opposition of the most virulent description, the sooner the Automobile Club, the Motor Union, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders close their ranks and present a united front to the foe the better for the motor-using class so insidiously aimed at by this savage tax. The suggestion travels widely outside the recommendations of the late Royal Commission, who proposed something like a reasonable impost, and one which, although much heavier than that levied upon iron-tired vehicles and iron-shod animals, which are responsible for 80 per cent. of the road-wear, no reasonable motorist would object to pay. But to suggest one pound per horse-power is practically to threaten the motor-car and the motor-car

so, the announcement by the General Petroleum Company that they are about to put Borneo motor-spirit upon the market at 1½d. per gallon less than they now ask for their well-known "Shell" spirit is welcome news. Not only do we get the reduction in price, but,

according to the General Petroleum people, this spirit possesses a higher specific gravity than other spirits, although its boiling point—which, after all, is the crucial test—is, if anything, lower. Consequent, however, upon the greater body of the Borneo spirit, more air is required, and those who contemplate using it must make provision for the admittance of about 25 per cent. more air to their carburettors than they have done hitherto. This, of course, means a considerable saving of petrol, which, in these days of rising prices, will make the fitting of the slight apparatus to afford the additional volume of air quite worth doing.

Motorists are not really such unfeeling people after all, for the references in *The Sketch* and elsewhere to the Children's Hospital on the Leatherhead-Guildford Road have had the effect of instituting a fund for the purpose of tarring the road for a quarter of a mile on each side of the hospital, and erecting warning notice-boards at each end of the treated stretch. Those who are entrusted with the expenditure of the money so subscribed should have a voice in the selection of the dust-laying agent to be used. Without appearing a partisan, I would recommend attention to a preparation termed Hahnite, from which excellent results are being obtained on the Petersham-Ham Road.

The operation which most nearly approaches hard labour in connection with a motor-car is the inflation of a pneumatic tyre. The job is wearisome and exhausting enough in cool weather, but when it comes to be done under such blazing suns as we have had of late one ponders whether, after all, the game is worth the candle. From time to time it has been rumoured that certain enterprising people



THE ALLEN FRONT-WHEEL BRAKES AND STEERING-CONTROL FOR THE PREVENTION OF SIDE-SLIP.

The invention consists of two parts—the Allen front-wheel brakes, and the Allen steering-control. The brakes are so constructed that the front wheels are free to turn whether the brakes are on or off, and the brakes operate evenly on both front wheels whether they are turning or stationary. The steering-control makes the front wheels absolutely rigid in relation to the body of the car at the moment of braking, at whatever angle they happen to be turned, and thus makes front-wheel braking as safe and practical as braking on the back wheels. The invention is intended to prevent side-slips in motor vehicles without adding anything perishable in itself or injurious to tyres or roads; to add, not only an additional brake appliance, but an additional braking power by applying a different set of brakes to a different set of wheels; and to provide an absolute control of steering in all circumstances.



ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO STOP THE DUST NUISANCE: SPRINKLING A ROAD WITH HAHNITE.

Hahnite is carefully prepared by a special process, and is said to be not only a successful dust-preventive, but a mixture that improves the surface of the road by 33 per cent. The oil is laid on the road by the aid of the water with which it is mixed, the result being that the water evaporates and leaves the Hahnite to penetrate the roadway.—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]

industry with immediate extinction. But we may hear no more of it, or an indignant denial of any such intention may be made, in view of the light which has been let in on the suggestion.

Until such time as the alcohol question is fairly grappled with in this country, motorists must rely upon petroleum spirit as the fuel for the internal-combustion engines which propel their cars. That being



ENGINEERING IN THE FLOWERY LAND: A MOTOR-BOAT MADE IN CHINA.

The boat shown, which is the property of Mr. T. J. Stevenson, of Hong-Kong, is made of teak, and was constructed by Kwong-Tuck-Cheong, of Ting-Hing Iron Works, Kowloon, Hong-Kong. She is fitted with a 15-h.p. petroleum engine and a reversible propeller, and has a speed of 9 knots an hour.—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]

were about to put bottles of compressed carbonic acid gas or liquid air upon the market at a price which would not be prohibitive, and that such bottles would be fitted with simple and efficient means of connecting up to the tube-valve, and, by means of a gauge attached, inflating up to the required pressure. Something like sixpence a charge was suggested as the probable cost; and who would grudge this to save themselves from a back-breaking job?

THE WORLD OF SPORT

AUTUMN HANDICAPS—WHY NOT THE TOTALISATOR IN ENGLAND?—LEADING JOCKEYS: SOME PERSONAL COMMENTS.

THE publication of the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire reminds one that we are fast approaching the short days when autumn leaves will fall. Time flies apace, seeing that in one little month—to be exact, on October 10—the Cesarewitch will be run for, while the Cambridgeshire is set for decision a fortnight later, on October 24. Thanks to good work on the part of the triumvirate of handicappers, both races are likely to be well contested. It is unfortunate that Prince William, who was second to Troutbeck for the St. Leger, should have gone out, but Malua and Beppo can compete. I have heard that Sandboy is to be backed, and great street-corner tips are The White Knight, Torpoint, and Bibiani. I am afraid that the penalty will stop Feather Bed. For the Cambridgeshire a capital acceptance has been received, although Waterflower, who was well backed on the Continent, has been scratched. I am told Sarcelle will go close, and Beppo must have a great chance, if saved for this event, as he ran a great race against Troutbeck in the St. Leger. The latter, according to Willie Waugh, is one of the most improved colts in training. I think Dean Swift has a sort of a chance, for his running at Epsom will bear no end of inspection, and it must not be forgotten that he is a good performer over the Newmarket course.

I think the time has arrived to introduce Pari-Mutuel betting into this country. It is ten years since I suggested in this column that the Jockey Club should institute a park meeting in the neighbourhood of London—at Wembley Park, for choice—and should run a meeting there every Saturday throughout the flat-racing season. "There's millions in it," as our old friend P. T. Barnum would have said. Of course, the Pari-Mutuel would be a big acquisition to the success of such a venture. Indeed, it would provide the funds for the whole show easily. So that other meetings should not suffer, the combined takings of the park meetings round London could be pooled and apportioned on the pro rata principal, striking an average for, say, the last five years. Tommy Shortodds and Co., who think they are liberal in offering 11 to 10 bar one, have seen their last day, and they must go to form an addition to the noble army of backers. It is preposterous to suppose that owners will continue to keep and run horses for the benefit of the Ring. A well-known trainer told me at Kempton Park recently that he was glad to see racing being taken up by level-headed business men who were bent on making the game a paying one. I think it is a healthy sign to see so many rich City men and millionaire tradesmen running horses, but they will tire of

the game very quickly, if they cannot get something like fair offers about their horses entered in big handicaps.

W. Higgs, who has been riding in great form this year, is almost certain, bar accident, to head the list at the end of the season. He has ridden in a large number of races, but his average is a good one, and his services are much sought after by owners who want to bring off coups. Higgs is what might be termed a resolute rider. He obeys orders, and is a good judge of pace. Maher, who has ridden the winners of many of the big races this year, is on the top of his form just now, and, so far as I have been able to discover, he is perfectly fair in his riding. He is one of the smartest-looking of the jockeys, both in and out of the saddle, and is much more intelligent than the majority of the knights of the pigskin. Maher has a happy smile for all, and is a good loser. His lightning rushes are quite an education, though at times he finds himself badly tied up owing to getting shut in close to the winning post. Despite his Lingfield accident he is still an ardent motorist. He is lucky in having to ride first jockey to Lord Derby, and he has a great admirer in the Earl of Rosebery. Maher dresses well, and in that matter runs Sammy Loates a very close second. Madden, who still has a scar on his throat, has been riding well lately. He has a stern look, and is, as

may be imagined, a very strong rider. He is the man to put up on a man's horse—one that the apprentices could not possibly get home. His connection with the Manton stable has yielded well, although for a time he had to don silk on several Yellow Jacks. Madden, I should

say, is at his best this year. Wheatley wins a lot of races, but they are mostly selling-plates and small handicaps in the North of England, where the opposition is weak. I am very glad to see George McCall coming well to the front once more. He has a good master in W. Robinson, who knows what's what. McCall has no end of pluck, tempered with judgment, and it is a feather in his cap to be retained for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's stable. Herbert Jones does not get anything like the riding he deserves, probably because he is too heavy. He handles a two-year-old quite in the best style of Tom Cannon senior, and he is as straight as a gun-barrel. Trigg is a useful jockey, more

especially in short races, as he gets away from the gate like a shot out of a gun, and does not cut the finish too fine. W. Halsey, who rode Prince William in the St. Leger, is a fine horseman. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD JOCKEY: J. BARA ON BRIER ROSE, WINNER OF THE PRIX JOUVENCE, AT CHANTILLY.

Bara is 8 years and 10 months old, and tips the scale at rather under four stone.

Photograph by Rol.



THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S ST. LEGER: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S TROUTBECK, BY LADAS—RYDAL MOUNT.

Troutbeck, ridden by G. Stern, won an exciting race by a head. Mr. J. B. Joel's Prince William (W. Halsey up) was second; Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's Beppo (W. Higgs up), third. The time was 3 minutes, 4 1-5 seconds.

Photograph by W. A. Rouch.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

APROPOS of some remarks my goosequill felt constrained to note down in last week's number concerning the liberal views on bathing-costume held by both sexes in the British Isles, lengthy communications have reached me from several sources—some irate, some sympathetic, some in agreement, some in regret for our

and £5000 per annum, it caused some surprise that of all the "teeming millions" in Great Britain, only some ninety favoured beings possess the latter comfortable competence in salaries, and only 290 own between £4000 and £5000 per annum from other sources. A lady declared lately in court that she could not "for her life" manage to keep house on less. A silly-season correspondence on the impossibility of living decently on less than £2000 a year has also caused considerable discussion in certain strata of society, one person declaring authoritatively that such an income, while rendering the possessor more opulent than his fellows in the suburbs, and therefore an object of much envy, makes him equally unsuited to the world that inhabits the environs of Eaton and Grosvenor Squares, inasmuch as it only enables him to look on without participating in its expensive amusements. A certain nonsense license must be permitted the phrase-maker in the silly season, when his usual journalistic rivulets run dry; but to start a wail over the unlucky possessors of only £2000 per annum sounds rather like asking a man who has been brought up on beer to discriminate between the bouquet of Krug and Mumm. The real truth of this universal discussion about other folks' incomes nowadays is that most people live right up to their annual incomings, or above, if the said sum is large enough for them to obtain credit. Everyone vies with everyone else—and struggles with might and main to be in the movement. Such old-fashioned ways as living within one's means to put by for the rainy day, or to leave a little for the children, have gone the way of other admirable customs, and as someone truly said of modern England



[Copyright.]

A SMART TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

want of artistic appreciation of the "altogether." The remarks of an American, who has been using his lorgnettes to some purpose on our coast, are too funny to keep to oneself. "After five separate visits," he writes, "to your five chief watering-places, I find Englishwomen equally generous in each as to the display of their charming selves in the water, their bathing-suits in twelve cases out of thirteen consisting of a single garment, devoid of anything that might be regarded as even an apology for skirts. Very often this single garment was cut *décolleté*, and the spectacle of charming creatures wading in shallow water or sprinting over the sands in a wet, armless, flimsy, and very abbreviated garment, really left very little concerning their figures to the imagination!

"The argument no doubt arises," continues our somewhat sarcastic New Yorker, "how a woman who may liberally display herself—shall we say?—upper charms at a supper, theatre, or dinner party should restrict her beneficence in the surf in the matter of—ahem!—nether ones. All the same, the spectacles afforded at an English seaside resort are distinctly startling to one who, like myself, has only been accustomed to the bathing-dress of Continental or American *villes d'eaux*, which uniformly consists of a dress cut high in the neck, with knickerbockers of ample dimensions and a skirt falling gracefully below the knees. Stockings are invariably worn also, together with smart caps and sandals. In this costume a woman cannot fail to look charming; in the other, she can hardly escape looking—well, careless!" An indictment indeed for the fair British bather!

When a certain daily paper lately published the approximate number of persons controlling various incomes ranging between £200



[Copyright.]

A CHIC BLACK-CLOTH GOWN.

quite recently, it is fast becoming a land of dowerless daughters and unprovided-for sons, the sole idea of too many parents being apparently, to eat, drink, and be merry, and avoid paying death-duties.

A flying visit to Paris this week reveals the Louis Seize movement everywhere amongst the milliners. Large picture-hats, and

others, again, quite small, both show adaptations of the Antoinette and Lamballe, with which old prints and pictures have familiarised us. Another dominant note is the "sombbrero Espagnol," tilted up on a high barette, which is covered with chrysanthemums under the brim, or with tulle, brown or blonde or chestnut, to match the wearer's hair. Enormous ostrich-feathers curl their way becomingly over, under, and around the brim; wherever they can attach themselves, in fact. Aigrettes of marabout, dead-leaf foliage, and great bunches of grapes adorn the felt toques that are arriving for half-season wear, while large velvet butterflies—a decided anachronism—pose themselves on the little shaded velvet toques that Carlier and others of the first flight are "composing" for their clients. The first touch of autumn has brought out the promised fashion of short jackets, which are a seasonable change from the bolero of long standing and the lately introduced paletot. Some of these jackets are basqued, some cut in one. In checks, tweeds, or richly toned cloths they are most workmanlike and becoming. In all cases the skirts to go with such a style must clear the ground. The clear liquid-red shade of red-currants will be a favourite autumn tint. Touches of mandarine, tawny, orange, and red-brown are also on the list, but can be used only quite sparingly.

when the box may be sunk below the surface of the water. This is only for emergencies, however, and in general the carburetter takes the air through a suitable pipe from the outside. A set of valves controls the air-supply in these cases. For cooling the motor cylinder, which is jacketed at the upper part, the water comes from the outside and leaves the box again through suitable openings on either side of the case. Gasolene is supplied from an aluminium tank, *A*¹, of square section, which is fitted against the back of the case. Below the gasolene tank is placed the outlet valve *D*, and the rubber hose on this valve is connected in turn to a pipe upon the box, which leads by a metal pipe to the carburetter. To control the working of the motor, two rods pass to the outside. One of these works upon the carburetter to regulate the proportion of gas and air for the mixture; the second rod acts upon the ignition shifting. The exhaust of the motor passes to the outside by the pipe, *b*. To it is connected a special form of muffling-box, which is shown in the section. It is provided with a valve, *O*, which is kept pressed up by the spring when the exhaust ceases. This has been designed so as to prevent the water from entering the exhaust-pipe when the machine is submerged.



!A TABLE ARRANGED FOR ROYALTY: AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE BAKERS' AND CONFECTIONERS' EXHIBITION.

One of the most interesting features of the Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, were the tables arranged for various functions. The example illustrated was set out in accordance with the requirements of Royalty. The whole of the magnificent gold, silver, and electro-plated ware was supplied by the well-known goldsmiths, Elkington and Co., Ltd. The actual arrangement of the table was the work of the Cambridge Catering Syndicate.

A new dark-green called aspidestra—after that amiable, long-suffering plant which seems to exist without air or light in London houses—is another new tone which mixes acceptably with black and white.

SYBIL.

A SCREW-PROPELLED SWIMMER.

FOR the benefit of those interested, we here give the fuller description of the swimming device illustrated on page 313 of this number. "The main body, or case, of the apparatus," says the *Scientific American*, "consists of a light aluminium box about twenty inches high, which is adapted to be carried upon the back of the swimmer. It is just large enough to contain the motor and the rest of the apparatus. The propeller, *J*, which is used to drive the device through the water, is mounted on the end of a crankshaft, and the latter is made to project out through a water-tight packing in the side of the case. To protect the propeller from any shocks it might receive, it is surrounded by a conical piece, carrying a wire gauze covering. The crank for starting the motor is fitted in the usual way upon the projecting end of the motor-shaft. At the top of the case is a pipe, *E*, over which is fitted a rubber pipe going to a float bag (which is not seen here), and this bag serves at the same time to supply the air which is required for working the carburetter during the time

Attached to each side of the main case is an air-bag of some size which serves as a float. The swimmer is seated upon a projecting saddle formed of a metal plate covered with cork, *L*. The saddle is hinged to the box in order to fold it up when not in use, and at the outer end is attached an air-float which can be of any convenient size. Two straps are fixed to the upper end of the box, so as to fasten it upon the swimmer's back. At the lower end the straps are fastened in place by a hook or a button projecting from the box. The storage battery and induction coil, which are not seen here, are stowed in the lower part of the case under the motor. In order to use the life-saving device the swimmer first starts up the motor by means of the hand crank from the outside, and, after seating himself on the saddle, puts the box upon his back, holding it by means of the straps. After the air-bags have been filled up, he goes into the water. He regulates the speed of the motor by the two rods we mentioned above, which act upon the carburetter and on the ignition. Steering is done by opening the hands more or less, or inclining them at different angles. Upon reaching the shore, he stops the motor by cutting off the gas-supply and the ignition."

Mr. James Fernandez is, unfortunately, ill, and therefore will be unable to take the part of Father Ferrati in "The Bondman," as was originally announced, and as is stated on our page of "Bondman" dresses. His place will be taken by Mr. Austin Melford.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

WERE times propitious to Stock Exchange business, a 4 per cent. Bank Rate would be not unwelcome. It is a good working rate, attracting plenty of capital to the markets for financing purposes, and yet not interfering with the free play of prices, if the public are taking an interest in stocks and shares. At the present time there is not enough Stock Exchange trade doing for the 4 per cent. minimum to be very palatable to markets, and the fear of another possible increase, to 4½ per cent., is brought very near to us. From all we hear, the United States have not got anything like the amount of gold they intend to have, in spite of all the money they have been taking from us lately, and should the efflux continue, further advance in the Bank Rate appears to be almost inevitable. Money is so paramount a factor in most of the markets at the moment that upon its movements must depend those of all the investment and several of the speculative departments round the Stock Exchange. The prospectus of the Uganda Rubber Company, to which we alluded a couple of months ago, is now published. Its chances appear good, far better than many of the plantation Companies whose shares are at big premiums, and we expect within the next twelve months to see the shares well over par.

PEKIN AND SHANSI.

After rising sharply in the middle of August, Pekin Syndicate shares and Shansis have fallen quite as suddenly, and there is some uneasiness with reference to the present position of the parent Company's operations. It will be remembered that the shafts sunk for coal were flooded some time ago, which accident threw the work back by several months. The Company has been directing its energies towards unwatering the mines, and our information is that this operation has been well-nigh completed. If so, the coal-mining should be started within a very short time. The Chinese Government's terms for royalties have turned out to be less onerous than was expected, and this is another bull point. The fall has been severe, shaking out many of the weaker bulls, and here again the holder of the shares has cause for hope. On balance we think that the prices of Pekins and Shansis have reached about as low as they are likely to go, and we look now for a reaction in the other direction.

NITRATE SHARES.

In view of the remarkable buoyancy of the Nitrate Market during the last week or so, the following notes from our correspondent "Q" are of special interest—

During the past ten days there has been some revival of interest in Nitrate shares as a class, but such appreciation in prices as has occurred at present by no means discounts the great prosperity and excellent prospects of the Nitrate industry. Most of the leading shares can be bought to return over 10 per cent., and I shall be surprised if the rise does not go much further on merits. The price of nitrate to-day is 11s. 9d.—an advance of 1s. on the average price of 1905; and at anything like this price all the well-managed Companies can secure very big profits. An unfounded report was given currency recently to the effect that further taxation would be imposed on the Nitrate Companies in consequence of the earthquake at Valparaiso, but this has now been officially contradicted. Nor does the bogey of over-production now cause much alarm: the shortage of labour in Chili, and, above all, the increasing demand for nitrate from the United States, are likely to more than counterbalance any increase in the output.

To turn to particular Companies, I have several times given details as to the more promising concerns. *Liverpool Nitrates*, to which I drew attention more than a year ago, are now quoted at £18. The final dividend for the year is due in November, and is sure to be satisfactory. Last year 22s. 6d. was paid in November, and some increase on this excellent return is not improbable. *Colorado Nitrates*, which were quoted at about £10 when I first drew your readers' attention to them, now stand at £16½. It will be remembered that the Chairman forecasted a profit for the current year of £100,000. An interim dividend of 10s. has been paid, and the declaration of the balance dividend is awaited with great interest. One of the cheapest purchases at the moment, perhaps, is *Barrechea Nitrate*, now standing at £5. The interim dividend on these shares is due this month and will be announced almost immediately. Last year 2s. 6d. was paid in September and 7s. 6d. in March, but it will be remembered that the profit for the year was no less than £79,000 on the capital of £45,000. The directors preferred, however, to pay off the Debentures of £30,000, and carry a large sum to reserve. Now that the Debentures are paid off a much larger distribution than 50 per cent. may be expected, and the shares should easily go to £6. Among the many cheaper shares with good prospects I may specially mention *San Patricio*, *Pacific Nitrates*, *Lapiga*, and *Leonor*, and generally speaking I think that anyone who invests with discretion in Nitrate shares may reasonably look for a considerable increase in his capital, while receiving a fine return in the meanwhile.—Q.

Sept. 15, 1906.

AMERICANS AGAIN.

With barely a break, the American Market careers gaily along its course of strength, the occasional "sets-back" being so insignificant in comparison with the tremendous rise that they are not worth calling by that name. It is to be noticed with some degree of attention that the call-rates have declined very considerably, although the financial situation changes with such rapidity that ease to-day may be followed by stringency to-morrow. The key to the immediate future of Yankees must surely lie in the money market, and in a continuance of the American public's willingness to relieve the big houses of surplus shares. New York correspondents are already beginning to speak of the increasing coyness of the outsiders in the States to come in and buy more shares at current prices. Were the American people themselves to turn sellers, they might start the downward course which most of the prudent critics are mapping out for Yankee shares. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the other side of the shield still remains bright to look upon, and that the capacity for running a boom when money is over 30 per cent. must be of no mean, or even ordinary, calibre.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Busy? No, can't say I am," replied The Broker. "None of us are."

"What's that?" The Jobber inquired.

"I said that none of us were busy," The Broker blandly told him.

"You don't seem to know a busy man when you see one," The Jobber retorted. "There's a good deal doing in the Yankee Market, I can tell you, my boy."

"Which will do the Stock Exchange no earthly good," was the calm reply. "This Yankee boom's going to end badly for us all."

"When?" And The Engineer looked interested. "America seems to be wondrously prosperous."

"The fabric of the market has got shifted on to an artificial basis, and the panic will come through money stringency. When—"

"Oh, go and teach your grandfather to boil eggs!" The Jobber was thoroughly exasperated at the attack upon his own market. "There's nothing the matter with it at all."

The Banker appeared to be anxious to interpose a remark, but evidently thought better of it.

The Engineer appealed to him. "Don't you think the position in Wall Street's getting dangerous, Sir?"

"I confess that I regard it with some apprehension," The Banker admitted. "But if the manipulators choose to keep the American market strong, they may be able to do so."

"Even if the ability to finance the bull movement should prove beyond them?"

"As to what would happen then, one could only conjecture," The Banker replied safely. "The Wall Street situation has many points which to my old-fashioned eyes are certainly dangerous."

The Jobber kicked The City Editor with some malice and more force.

"What the——"

"Well, you're all down on my poor old market, and you're worse than any of them in that rag of yours."

"You should write and give the reasons for your belief in the market."

"Think members of the Stock Exchange waste their time writing letters to the papers? Not often, my boy."

"Opinions are very diverse about Yankees," declared The City Editor.

"Not at all," The Jobber and The Broker answered simultaneously, but with quite opposite meanings.

"Everyone says the crash is not far away," recommenced The Broker.

"Then everyone, as usual, will turn out to be in the wrong. Of course, I don't mean to say the market's going on for good, but it ought to run till Christmas, any way."

"Hark at them!" scoffed The City Editor. "Both experts, both cocksures, both——"

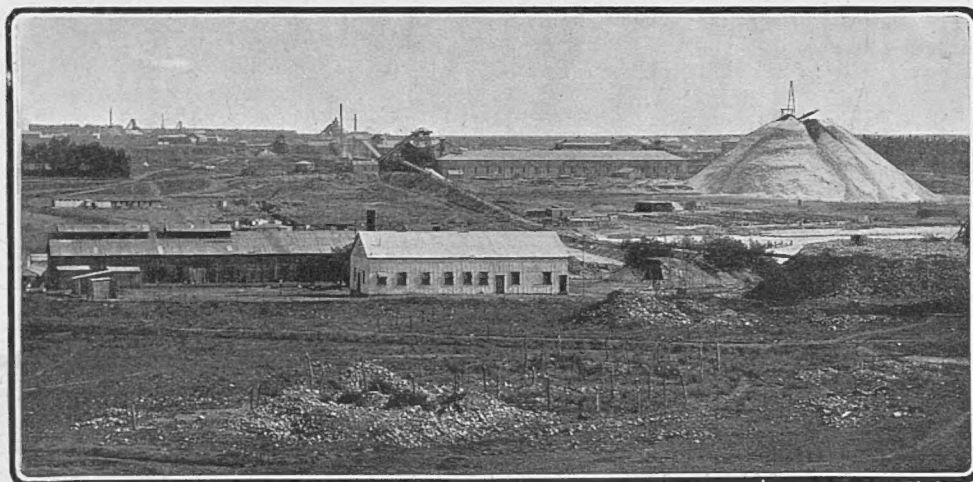
"When thieves fall out honest men come by their own," observed The Merchant.

"Libel!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Clear case of libel!"

"Damages will be laid at a hundred thousand pounds," added The Broker.

"Laid where?" inquired The Merchant.

"Never you mind."



NEW KLEINFONTEIN.

Photograph by G. A. Watson, Johannesburg.

"In the Kaffir Market, of course," The City Editor said. "Or the American."

"Did you slip into Tanks?" asked The Engineer.

"Funny, isn't it, Brokie, how these laymen like to crack the most senile jokes upon Stock Exchange subjects."

"Funny, isn't it, Sir," and The Merchant addressed The Banker, "how ostensibly sensible men murder the beautiful English language by silly nicknames?"

"'Tanganyika' is a beautiful English word, you're right," retorted The Jobber. "I admit that we ought to be —"

"Are they going up?"

"They are. And soon. And as safe as houses."

"Then Kaffirs will."

"It doesn't follow. There's a special gamble in Tanganyikas, which has no connection with that in the other part of the Kaffir Market, and will keep on its own lines."

"Hopeless market, Kaffirs. I give it up."

"The only thing to do is buy good shares when they're flat. Apex, for instance, and Casons."

"You used to be keen on Anglo-French."

"Buy them too when they are flat. I mean, when there's a regular slump on. Not otherwise. It's such a feeble market."

"D'you know anything about I.O. Prefs?" The Engineer inquired.

"Interoceanic of Mexico Preference shares," replied The Broker with much solemnity, "have risen from 6 to 10½ upon the idea that the Company will be able to do something towards paying the arrears of interests."

"Are they heavy?"

"Something over ten pounds a share, I think. But, of course, the whole lot can't be cleared off for ages, and a settlement scheme is quite likely to be arrived at before long."

"The jam is rather off the shares if all that rise has taken place."

The Broker agreed. "The shares are now a speculative investment; not specially alluring, but not bad, all the same."

The Banker said he had been told to watch the Cuban Railway securities.

"Fairly cautious advice," laughed The Jobber. "It's like the opinions they put in the 'Answers to Correspondents' in the papers."

The Broker took up the running: "Provided that no relapse occurs, we are of opinion that the shares will advance in value unless it should happen that the price remains stationary."

"Excellent!" exclaimed The Jobber. "The same reply must serve in scores of cases, differently worded," and he looked with triumph at the City Editor.

"H'm!" said that worthy. "I wonder what the Stock Exchange would do in similar circumstances. What is your opinion of London and North-Western stock?" he asked The Broker.

"It would look cheap were it not for the fears of labour troubles and dearer money," was the prompt reply.

"In other words, if Brums don't go up, they'll go down, unless the price stays where it is, eh?"

The Jobber was shaking with mirth. "Hoist with your own petard, Brokie," he managed to say.

"What're you laughing at?" his friend demanded indignantly. "I don't see any particular joke."

"It's always the way," concluded The Jobber, opening the carriage door. "The only chap who never sees the fun of the thing is the joker himself. Good day, gentlemen all!"

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CHINA.—You will see the matter dealt with in one of our Notes.

I. N. K.—(1) Manila Debentures are a very speculative holding, and the advantages to come are largely discounted in the present price. We think you would do better with the Preferred and Deferred stocks of the Antofagasta Railway Company. (2) Please see reply to "China." (3) Spasskys are a fairly good gamble.

T. H.—Wait a bit.

STOCKPORT.—There is no price, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

C. B. H.—A very good list of investments. As to the Russian loan and the Debenture stock we are more dubious. Should sell the latter if it goes to 90 or thereabouts. Atlantic and North West 5 per cent. bonds stand about 120.

T. A. S.—Many thanks. We are looking into the matter for you.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Yarmouth, some of the following may win: South Denes Plate, Royston; Non-Stayers' Plate, Boycot; Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, Mida; Hastings Nursery, Amine; Corporation Welter, Housewife; Durham Handicap, Absurdity; Gorleston Nursery, Gay Leg; Yare Handicap, Wiseton. There will be good racing at Ayr. Some of these should go close: Stewards' Plate, Canty Bay; Caledonian Cup, King Charles; Ayrshire Handicap, Sweet Katie; Caledonian Hunt Cup, Quintet; Ayr Gold Cup, Specular. At Manchester the following may run well: Prince Edward Handicap, Best Light; Lancaster Nursery, The Rialto; Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate, The Sun; Eglinton Nursery, Lady Pieter.

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TO TOURISTS AND OTHERS.

THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

offers an exceptionally favourable opportunity of combining the advantages of inspecting exhibits of Art Industries and Products gathered from all parts of the world, and the health-giving pleasures of visiting the Scenic and Health Resorts of New Zealand.

The Exhibition is an assured success. The whole space available for exhibits has been taken up. The Art Gallery contains paintings, sculpture, and Black-and-White work by artists of the highest reputation. It opens on November 1st next and closes in April 1907—a period which includes the summer months.

For further particulars of the Exhibition and of the Scenic and Health Resorts, as well as information concerning the routes by which visitors can proceed to New Zealand, apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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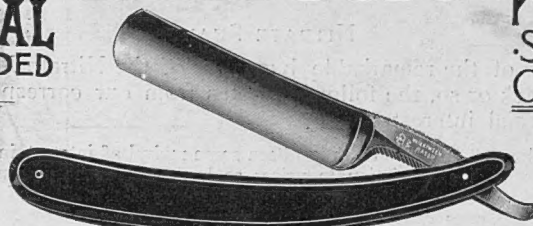
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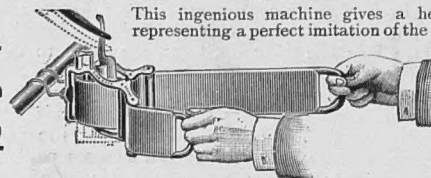


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